Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1727.

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THE BYSTANDER. JANUARY 20, 1932.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Fayer of Vienna

Luise Rainer Announced Her Engagement Last Week

News came over from Hollywood that one of its most attractive and intelligent stars was to marry Clifford Odets, whose name may be caviare to the general but who, in scenario circles, is someone very big indeed. He wrote, for instance, *The General Died at Dawn*, and is just finishing a big new story for Paramount, *Castles in Spain*. Romantic rumour says that he first saw the Viennese star on the screen and determined to marry her, but doesn't state which film it was. It may have been *Escapade* (American version of *Maskerade*), in which she made her Hollywood debut in Paula Wessely's part, *Ziegfeld* (now at the Empire), in which she plays Anna Held, or *The Good Earth*, her newest vehicle (with Paul Muni) from Pearl Buck's Chinese novel, due here any week now

Howard Coster, London

Lord Melchett—A Great Industrialist

Lord Melchett is the grandson of that great man, Ludwig Mond (who came over to England with nothing and founded not only the nickel and the alkali industries in this country, but also one of the few leading Jewish families in manufacture, as opposed to finance). He went to Winchester, ran away at the outbreak of War, joined up as a subaltern in a line regiment, and served through to the Armistice, being twice wounded. In 1920 he married a Johannesburg girl, Amy Gwen Wilson, and succeeded to his father's interests and title ten years later. He is now a director of Imperial Chemical Industries, Barclays Bank, International Nickel Company of Canada, and Amalgamated Anthracite Collieries. His tastes are diverse but definite; he is a patron of the arts, and his lovely Smith Square home (Mulberry House) includes Glen Philpott and Charles Jagger, renaissance Italian and ancient Greek. He is a keen rider to hounds, has a house in the Oakley country, of which hunt he is Joint-Master, speaks impressively in the Lords and commands the I.C.I. anti-aircraft company. He is thirty-eight, an ardent Zionist, and has two sons and a daughter

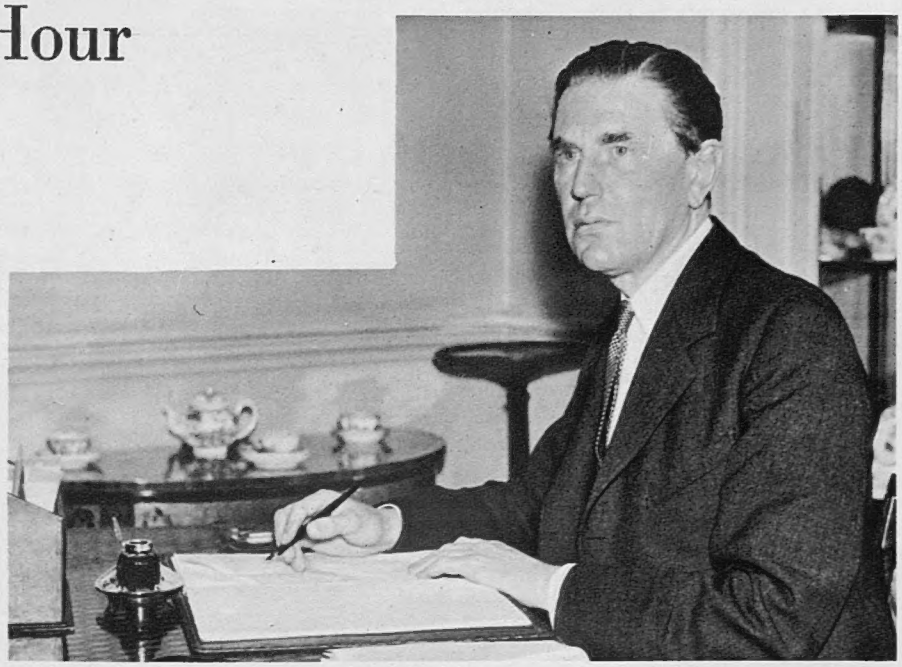
The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE very dangerous storm which was blowing up in Morocco last week has distinctly abated. The French delivered a very firm warning that German military occupation of Spanish Morocco would not be tolerated, and, after a day of blustering rage in the German Press, Herr Hitler beat a diplomatic retreat. He declared that Germany had no designs on any Spanish territory, deplored the tension between his country and France, and added that Germany looked forward to being represented in the International Exhibition in Paris in the summer.

THE reason for the Führer's promptitude in retreat is obviously the firmness of the French, coupled with the information that London is in line with Paris in the matter. Dictator-diplomacy has become accustomed to such a long series of victories that it is brought up all standing when the Democracies say "Boo!" to them. Apparently it never occurred to Herr Hitler that anyone would dare to protest about Morocco. Hence his hasty sprint for cover. An excellent impression has also been caused in Paris by the free-pass to visit the Spanish zone in Tangier, which has been given by General Franco's High Commissioner to the French military attaché there. This should dispose of the rumours of illegal fortification which have been current. Another factor in deciding Herr Hitler to retreat over Morocco may have been the perpetual hankering after loans which affects so strongly the dictatorial governments. When Dr. Schacht's visit (since cancelled) to Paris was announced, his aim was thought to be cash. Paris takes the same view now as it did six months ago. If Germany wants raw material for food, that is one thing. If she wants them for armaments, that is quite another.



Lord Wakehurst: New South Wales's New Governor

Lord Wakehurst's appointment as Governor of New South Wales, in succession to the late Sir David Murray Anderson, was announced last week. He has written several erudite books on political and politico-geographical subjects, sat as M.P. for Leicester from '24 to '29, then for Lewes until he succeeded to the title last April. Lady Wakehurst is Lord Glenconner's aunt and Lady Oxford's sister

THE old story of an Italian loan in London to pay for the Abyssinian war is cropping up again too. There does seem to be some sort of point in Democracy still; the last remnants of prosperity are in the surviving democracies.

THE unsigned article on the "slow-thinking" English in the *Popolo d'Italia* is especially interesting, as it is supposed to have been written by Signor Mussolini himself. "What the Italian is able to understand in ten minutes requires a week for the Englishman to grasp" is one of the remarks. I think this is an understatement. For example, it only took the Italians a year or two to understand the blessings of the loss of political freedom, whereas in this country, after hundreds of years, we still can't grasp the idea.

THE Foreign Secretary made one dark and sinister remark in his speech to the foreign pressmen. "The future of our civilisation may be decided, perhaps, in 1937." This can only mean, surely, that 1937 is the last year in which any Continental nation will enjoy a material advantage in weapons over the combined British-French defences. If the crash can be staved off this year, by 1938 we shall be too strong for anyone to venture an attack. But can it be staved off? Perhaps and perhaps not. Meanwhile issue gas-masks to the citizenry.

THE meeting in London between President de Valera and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, the Dominions Secretary, was a welcome return to common-sense in Anglo-Irish relations. Mr. MacDonald is himself of Celtic blood, and is far more likely to understand, and be understood by, the strange Hispano-Celt than Mr. J. H. Thomas ever managed. The bluff and genial ex-railway-driver may have had his qualities, but the capacity to handle Mr. de Valera was not one of them.

PARLIAMENT has re-assembled, with a very heavy programme before it. Special Areas, beef, factories, coal, are chief among the domestic affairs to be

Mr. de Valera's Longest London Visit

Mr. J. W. Dulanty (right), Free State High Commissioner in London, saw his chief off after Mr. de Valera had broken custom by spending a day and night in London, when he met Mr. Malcolm MacDonald; their five-hour discussion was to form the basis of a statement in Parliament

dealt with, but naturally Spain, Germany, and Re-armament will overshadow everything else.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S scheme for a far-reaching reorganisation of the machinery of Federal Government is very interesting. At the present moment, the machinery is absurdly inadequate. The Civil Service is not a career for able citizens, but simply a chance for opportunists; there is no merit system; there are more than a hundred separate departments under the President; there is no sort of co-ordination or inter-relation. The President wants to make an organisation which will help him to carry out his colossal task. "What I am placing before you," he said in his message, "is not a request for more power, but for the tools of management." Whether he will get them is another matter. Few of the world's muddle-heads are quite so muddle-headed as an average American Congressman.

MR. FORD MADOX-FORD has written an extraordinary and brilliant book called *The Great Trade-Route*. It sets out ostensibly to be the record of a journey from Antwerp to New York, then south to Baton Rouge in Louisiana, and back to Europe via Gibraltar and Spain. Actually, it is a complete, philosophical description of Mr. Ford's attitude to modern civilisation, written with incomparable energy and vigour, backed by an immense knowledge of history, and teeming with original ideas. It is the most startling indictment of our modern rulers that I have ever come across.

"THE SATURDAY REVIEW" has returned to its old position as a sound, solid, Conservative weekly journal. Its hot-jazz career of sensationalism is over. Its night out on the tiles is finished. Henceforward its wild and weird ululations will be heard no more in the alleyways under the moon, where Mehitabel the cat dances her immortal dance among the ash-bins. The *Saturday* painted the town red, and itself red, white and blue, and now all that is done with. With demure white covers and staunch blue policy, it returns once again to the highest traditions of weekly journalism.

MR. ASHLEY DUKES, the author of *The Man with a Load of Mischief*, one of the loveliest romantic comedies of the century, has bought a block of houses and a mews near Notting Hill Gate, and is going to build his own theatre for the ballet and poetical plays. Everyone who is interested in any form of the theatre will applaud his enterprise, and will hope that the young poets who are flocking to Spain may be spared to return and write for Mr. Dukes. The latest to set out for Madrid are Mr. Stephen Spender and Mr. W. H. Auden.

Ellsworth Vines Failed to Smash Fred Perry

Despite Big Bill Tilden's prognostications, Perry more than held his own at his first, second and third appearances as a professional. Matched against America's No. 1 tennis star, Ellsworth Vines, he beat him at Madison Square Garden by three sets to one, in Cleveland by 13—11 and 6—3, and again at the Chicago Stadium by three sets to none, after which Vines collapsed with influenza and tonsilitis

IT is not often that one of the big London newspapers launches a violent attack in a leading article on another of the fraternity. The *Star* fairly took off the gloves in its recent assault on the *Daily Mail*. The article was headed "Scarlet Fever (Carmelitis Furioso)," and it did not make any attempt to conceal its opinions.

IT is good news that at last something is going to be done about Ashdown Forest. For several years now a mysterious band of incendiaries has ravaged hundreds of acres of the forest every summer, and have never yet been caught. A Bill is going to be introduced into Parliament which will give the Forest Conservators more money for defending adequately their trust.

LAST week's issue of *Punch* contained a remarkable advertisement. For the sum of five shillings a box of seven tablets of a certain proprietary medicine can be bought which are advertised to give immunity against influenza. Not much in that, you may say. There are hundreds like that. Wait a moment. This particular brand carries with it a real, regular, slap-up, cast-iron Lloyd's Insurance policy. If you get influenza at any time within three months after the fifth day from the swallowing of the first tablet, Lloyd's will pay your doctor's bill up to five guineas. This seems to me to be a remarkable offer. Lloyd's do not enter blindly into insurances, and if they are backing these tablets to the extent of 105 to 5, surely there must be something in them?

AN interesting event in the world of music is Mr. Steuart Wilson's first appearance as a conductor. At least, I think it is his first. The famous English tenor is conducting Mr. Rutland Boughton's musical poem, for that is what his opera, *The Lily Maid*, really is, at the Winter Garden.

AFTER a long, dismal period in which there has been practically no sporting news except the slightly absurd Test Matches in Australia, things are beginning to brighten up again. The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society has played its tournament for the President's Putter, and a very good golfer in Mr. John Beck won. A remarkable affair took place in Mr. P. H. F. White's match against Mr. L. G. Crawley, when the former holed his tee-shot at the 17th hole at Rye to win the match. Incidentally, Mr. White is one of the very few Scotsmen I have ever heard of who has played in the English Close Championship, thereby presumably renouncing his nationality. Shades of William Wallace and Bruce.

THE Rugger internationals are with us again, and the professional "Soccer" Cup is in full swing. Perry continues to defeat Ellsworth Vines, and the King has won his first horse-race, and the Yorkshire Cricket Club has censored itself for unenterprising play, and the Professional Golfers' Association is protesting against the limitation of the number of clubs to fourteen, and the mild winter is helping the fox-hunting boys and girls, and, to judge by the photographs, a merry time is being had by all in Switzerland.

Political Nights Out

Two London Dinners

International Occasion

The Foreign Press Association annual dinner at the Savoy Hotel had Mr. Eden as chief guest, and in his after-dinner speech he gave them something to chew on, beginning: "It would be foolish to pretend that we begin the year without many menacing factors in Europe." With him is Baron Franckenstein, Austrian Minister

Mr. Randolph Churchill and Mr. Attlee

His Majesty's Opposition was represented at the Foreign Press dinner by its Socialist leader, who was photographed listening to the dicta of Mr. Randolph Churchill. M.P.'s and diplomats were in strong preponderance

Lord Astor and Lady Eustace Percy

Lady Eustace Percy went to the Foreign Press dinner with her husband; with her in the picture is Lord Astor. Eight countries were represented by Ambassadors or Ministers, and Germany and Japan sent Chargés d'Affaires

Dining at the Mansion House to Aid Recruiting

Left: the dinner was held to further the cause of cadet units in London and Middlesex and the Earl of Athlone, back from the wedding in The Hague, was principal guest. Mr. Duff Cooper (note the naughty nineties' lapels of his dress coat) is talking to Lord Rochdale, Boer War veteran and D.L. for Middlesex

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Serocold and Miss Ann Whitehouse

Walter Pearce Serocold and Ann Whitehouse were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and have chosen Sicily for their honeymoon. He is Colonel and Mrs. Oswald Pearce Serocold's son—they live in Buckinghamshire; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Whitehouse, of 84, Fitzjohn's Avenue, N.W.3

Mr. d'Hauteville and Miss Windham

Wilfred Grand d'Hauteville, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Grand d'Hauteville, of Château de Villard, La Tour de Peitz, Vaud, Switzerland, married Grace Windham, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Ashe Windham, of Waghen Hall, East Yorkshire

Mr. Lane Fox and Miss Anne Loyd

Had a country wedding at the bride's home, Lockinge, near Wantage; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Loyd, of Lockinge House. James Henry Lane Fox is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lane Fox, of Walton House, Boston Spa, Yorkshire. The Bishop of Nasik (the bride's uncle) performed the ceremony

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

EVERYONE knows just how the Swiss sports enthusiast enjoys himself. He either crashes head-first down an ice track on a toboggan, or, encasing each foot in a steel clamp on a strangely-shaped strip of wood, spends his days going up the side of a mountain in a funicular (taking twenty minutes) and skimming down through the snowdrifts (taking five !).

Of skaters on the wonderful local rinks at St. Moritz there are not so many, and the percentage who indulge in this form of exercise cannot be high.

People to Play With

WE often wondered before we arrived at St. Moritz how the non-sporting community amused themselves, and now we will tell you.

Without performing any of these exciting and incredible feats, you can have a lovely time in being thoroughly lazy, we found out.

It is important that the rarefied air at that altitude should agree with you, and you must also know and like enough people to play with.

A Sun Session

IF you are disinclined for more than a minimum of exercise you will presumably get up late, and a glass of delicious hot gluehwein on the sun-baked (yes, really !) terrace of the Palace is about the first thing you think of.

You then climb up to the little funicular station and reach the Corviglia Club in time for a sun session before luncheon.

The complete simplicity and unpretentiousness of the little mountain club is attractive : long trestle tables, a bar at one end, thick soup, one meat dish, and an orange, and the enthusiasts are stampeding to be off again.

A Village Ramble

IN order to make the most of the heavenly air and make some pretence at exercise, we always walked halfway home and rode the rest. Sometimes we walked the first half to Chantarella over the snowy slopes, and took the train from there ; on other days we did the second and shorter half on foot.

A ramble round the fascinating super-luxury village often ensued, and we got home in time for tea in the crowded hall of the Palace Hotel. High and low poker, backgammon, or bridge occupied the hours until we dressed (or didn't) for dinner.

Lady Warwick Knits

EVERYONE possesses themselves of one particular table or corner at tea-time, and no one else dares to trespass on their preserves.

You will see Lady Warwick knitting seriously in her corner. In a very prim plaid blouse and her dark hair done in a new and severely plain way she might be a beautiful young governess !

Mrs. de Winton Wills and Mrs. Everard Gates are engrossed in six-pack bezique. Although neither is an experienced ski-er, they are unbelievably energetic, and are out and up the mountain-side early every morning.

Lady Lyons is collecting a four for bridge. The lovely Baroness von Krieger is reading about herself in the BYSTANDER. She is German and has the fairest golden hair, dark blue eyes, and a wonderful skin, not forgetting some really sumptuous clothes. The men stamp about auctioning and buying each other in various races, and are terrifically hearty in somehow an attractive way.

A Late Night Trio

THERE is a delightfully informal atmosphere about the Palace bar after dinner.

Hob-nailed ski-boots and golden sandals take the floor together, while Cresta hearties dance in thick woollen sweaters.

Outsiders (meant inoffensively) come in from other hotels, and contribute to the noisy enjoyment and general congestion.

Miss Marrietta van Ehn, a real tough baby, sings and dances. So does everyone, for that matter, and the spontaneous gaiety is terrific. Highbrows like those charming Louis Bromfields and the Remarques sit in a corner obviously enjoying it all enormously.

Sir Keith and Lady Fraser and Lord Poulett are a late-night trio, and any left-over men collect at Billy Reardon's table by the door.

Lt.-Col. Peel and Miss Mary Baldwin

Another St. Mark's, North Audley Street, wedding last week was between Lieut.-Colonel William Ralph Peel and Mary Baldwin, only child of the late Hartley Baldwin and Mrs. Baldwin, of Winkley Hall. Lieut.-Colonel Peel is the son of the late William Peel, of Knowlmere Manor

A Ballerina's Engagement

Elizabeth Miller's engagement to Mr. Eric Causton, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Hildred Causton, of Compton Dundon, Somerset, is an event in the world of ballet. She is the clever young ballerina who made her name at Sadler's Wells last season, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Melville Miller, of Chelsea

A Novelist's Engagement

Mr. Evelyn Waugh, novelist and traveller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waugh, and Miss Laura Herbert, twenty-year-old daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, and cousin of Lord Carnarvon, announced their engagement last week. The marriage will take place fairly soon

Some Minor Casualties

CASUALTIES are daily occurrences, and an overworked masseur dashes from Lord Donegall's hip to Mrs. Wardell's ankle, taking a look at Jim Lawrence's broken rib on the way. The last-named *would* dance on the evening of the day that he flew over "Battledor" or "Shuttlecock," cracking his rib in his flight.

There ought to be a crutch-stand in the bar, for they are propped up in rows. Captain Arthur Evans, M.P., took to a pair within forty-eight hours of arriving with Mr. Hore-Belisha. None of the injuries is serious, except poor Sir Anthony Weldon's; he is still in Samaden Hospital. Lady Weldon arrived last week to see him, and is at Suvretta House.

A 'Flu Victim

LORD and Lady Queensberry came back again after going to Vienna, and were at the Carlton. He got 'flu, however, and beat a hasty retreat to England with Alexander Korda as soon as he could travel. Lady Queensberry we saw dining at the Chesa Vegla one night, and liked her dark green cap with a tuft of white fur in front and short, yellow jacket.

A Breaking-Up Party

LAST Saturday night the Cresta chaps entertained everyone to dinner at the Stephanie. It was a riotous evening, and only one gate-crasher turned up.

Mr. Harry Morgan, the president, made several amusing speeches; Captain Jimmie Coats and Lord Donegall distinguished themselves in the same line. Mr. Jack Heaton was very coy and could not be persuaded to respond at all. We repaired to our hotel bar afterwards (inevitably), and a breaking-up evening began.

One trick that goes with a swing on these hectic nights is to stick a straw encased in paper under the coat collar of any victim and set it alight! Somehow, they always discover it too soon, and no one has actually been badly burnt yet. The chosen victims (there are three in particular) take it very good-naturedly and seem to expect a pocketful of ice or a burning collar whenever they appear in public.

She Lost a Ski

THE mixed ski race for the Cartier Cup was great fun, but as it took place on one of the few bad days, it wasn't such fun to watch. A small blizzard was blowing up at Corviglia, and it was almost unbearable. Mr. Paddy Green made a marvellous start, and if only Lady Plunket, his partner, had not had the bad luck to lose a ski, they would probably have won, which would have meant a double for her as she won this race last year.

Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower did well, too. She entered with Lord Donegall, who, although he is an old hand at the game, missed the right turn, got into a lot of loose snow, and has been kicking himself ever since.

Awaiting Instructions

ONE of the prettiest sights in St. Moritz is Miss Florrie Owen in a short jacket of thick white serge, a scarlet sweater and socks to match pulled over her ski boots.

The revers of the said jacket are ornamented with various medals and badges which, she will tell you, mean "Absolu*terly* nothing!"

She is by way of awaiting instructions from her Papa to meet him in either Rome or Florence, and is having a grand time meanwhile.

En Grande Beauté

ON the Corviglia slopes Lady Plunket is as brave as a lion. She considers herself lucky to be able to ski this year, as she broke a bone in her instep last season and had the horrid experience of being dropped when they were carrying her home on a stretcher. She is en grande beauté out here, and her sports clothes are lovely: usually a bright jumper with the neatest little black ski suit.

Her eldest son, Patrick, who at thirteen is taller than she is, and is absurdly like his good-looking father, is here, and also the second boy, Robin.

Shaun, that lovely child who is so much in demand as a wedding page, had to stay in London owing to a prolonged attack of 'flu.

From Sils Maria

AMONG well-known people whom we hear of at nearby resorts are Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid, who are at Davos, and Mr. Edward Hulton, who came over from Sils Maria to lunch with Lord Poulett the other day.

MISS PEEPS

At St. Moritz

Miss Angela Duncan and Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Heald were waiting in the Chantarella funicular queue. Angela Duncan is the elder of General Duncan's two daughters

The Marquise de Paris and Principessa Carla Boncompagni-Ludovisi have both been at St. Moritz this year. The Marquise, who is South American by birth, and her husband have gone to Austria the last few winters, but the Principessa is a regular in the Engadine

Left: Mr. Charles Oppenheim is the centre of this temporarily restful group: the others are Mrs. Ursula Clifton, Mlle. Désirée de la Tour (sitting on the ground) and Lady Moira Forbes

Right: Lady Warwick's American coat of grey waterproof, lined with fur, is the fashion note of the week (also the new style of coiffure). She wears it to watch bobbing

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Duthy were going to watch the St. Moritz–Cambridge hockey match. They live in Budapest, where he has a job; she was "Bee" Bailey before her marriage

The Hon. Sally Banbury had been lunching at Corviglia with Mr. Bobby Nothman, the secretary of the Corviglia Ski Club. She is young Lord Banbury's sister

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 3

Frank of the Ritz Bar

FRANK is the best-known barman in Europe, and yet I doubt whether one in a thousand of his clients knows his surname. Well, it is Meier, and he was born in Austria, near Linz. His family has owned an inn at Dornbach for forty-seven years. It is now run by Frank's nephew. As a boy, Frank lent a hand to his parents until he went to a hotel at Bad Hall as a commis at the age of fifteen. Then, after attending a hotel school at Freiburg, he found himself in Paris for the Exhibition in 1900. A year later he came to England and became a waiter in the American bar of the Hotel Cecil. Having waited until the Coronation was over, he departed for New York, where he shook his first cocktail in the Hoffmannhaus bar. But within a twelve-month he was back at the Cecil, still only nineteen years of age, as assistant maître d'hôtel. The following year found him in the Grand Hotel bar in Paris; but the next two winters saw him respectively in Monte Carlo and Cairo, with the Dinard and Ostend casinos next on his schedule. Yes, Frank covered a lot of ground as a young man until he started his own establishment—the Brunswick Bar in the Rue des Capucines. Here he remained *patron* until the war broke out. Being a naturalised Frenchman by this time, he served in the 58th Infantry Regiment, transferring, however, to the Zouaves and from there to the Foreign Legion. During this period he was wounded twice and rose to the rank of colour-sergeant, having served on the Western front, in the Dardanelles, and in Morocco. Demobilised in the autumn of 1919, his first job was to open the Frolics, an establishment owned by Ciro's. But within six months he had moved over to the Ritz bar, where he has remained ever since. Even now he has seven assistants, including the famous Georges. And in 1926 and 1927 he had a dozen. Frank says that the forty-six square metres comprising what is now the Chaps' bar and which used to be the mixed bar, has made more money than any section of any gold mine of the same size. He has figures to prove it.

Frank, who is 5-foot 7 and measures 1 metre 20 centimetres round the waist, is more observant even than the usual barman, and his memory is prodigious. With strangers he memorises the gait and also the back of the head, and if any newcomer enters and calls him "Frank" right away, his number is up. He says that American clients are best, followed by the English, Italians and Spaniards in that order. Champagne cocktails are still the most popular, he finds, with Martinis a close second.

FRANK lives in the Rue de Moscou; works from 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; has given up racing; enjoys walks and cigars; sleeps well; still has a weakness for Austrian food; prefers an "old-fashioned" cocktail to any other; has a son who wants to be a reporter; is calm, hazel-eyed, and philosophical; has just published a book on the artistry of making cocktails which also contains much useful information of another kind; he has served King George VI. and all his brothers except the Duke of Gloucester; invariably wears black trousers and a white jacket; and is probably the only barman alive who sports horn-rimmed pince-nez with a flowing black ribbon attached.

Charles Graves

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Night Sky" (Savoy)

THIS play is a call to armaments, if not to arms. It sets out to impress upon the public what may happen in the next war, which may be fought without being declared. As a result of this, English families with pacifist tendencies, vide the Dawsons at the Savoy, may suddenly find the entire air force of some foreign country swooping over London. The British Air Force may be caught not only unprepared, but undersized. Within a few hours it may be wiped out as completely as the pacifist opinions of the Dawsons. And before midnight our Prime Minister may be acknowledging defeat and petitioning for an armistice.

That there will also be a large number of bangs is certain, but these, since there are limits to what we will put up with to enjoy ourselves, the management mercifully withholds. If the evening is not exactly cheerful, it is, apart from the hum of engines in the sky, comparatively quiet. A little distant drum-beating suffices to indicate the fall of St. Paul's and crash (let us hope) of the Albert Memorial, while Henry Hall's band plays bravely on. Who says crooners aren't he-men now?

ALTHOUGH nobody wanted to see the Dawsons blown to bits, I must confess that I entirely lost sympathy with them quite early in the evening. There is nothing like a little company in the hour of danger. Yet when the parlourmaid, obviously scared out of her wits, came up with a message from cook, what did the Dawsons do? Did they invite the servants to come and sit in the drawing-room? Did they suggest that everyone should descend to the kitchen?

I regret to say that they just sent the parlourmaid downstairs again to tremble with cook uncomforted in the basement. From which moment I wondered whether Mr. L. du Garde Peach was accurate in describing the Dawsons on the programme as members of "a normal English home."

One sane view, by International Airways: Wallace Douglas

Another sane view by the R.A.F.: Bernard Lee

What must foreigners, who read this, think of us?

THE message of *Night Sky* is that we should build more aeroplanes. But if our object is to save our skins, and if other countries are going to bomb London without declaring war, then it seems to me that the real message of the play is to go and bomb other countries without declaring war ourselves—of course, in self-defence.

But which country in particular? No nation is named as our enemy on the stage. Our censorship, quite rightly, would forbid it. Nevertheless, our censorship does not seem to be very effective. Three playgoers on the first night named the same foreign country in my hearing—and with good reason. For the enemy airman who was shot down and carried into the home of the Dawsons was certainly not French, certainly not Italian, certainly not Irish, certainly not Chinese.

So clear was it where that accent was meant to come from that I suggest the Lord Chamberlain should insist, in such cases, on the employment of a completely new and non-existent accent, unrepresentative of any foreign nation at all. For great is the power of suggestion. It is hard not to feel like an enemy if you are treated like one.

FROM an efficient cast, Margaret Scudamore as a vague mother and Helen Haye as a definite aunt stand out, perhaps, most prominently. Some fair comedy is introduced at judicious intervals to relieve the tension.

Sketches by Rouson

The foreign pilot tries to conduct a hymn of hate: Bryan Coleman

But Auntie won't join in, though Marjorie does: Helen Haye and Jane Welsh

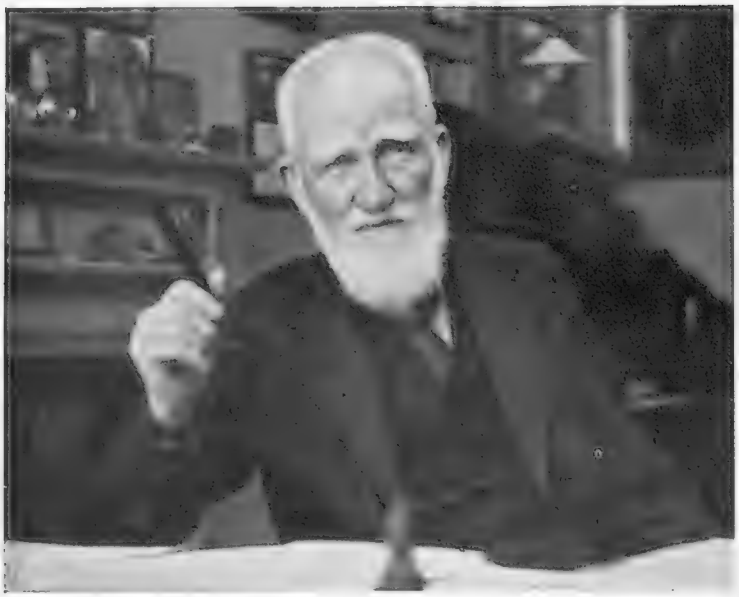
Anthony

"The Marriage of Figaro" at Sadler's Wells

Arnold Matters is the Figaro, Janet Hamilton-Smith the Susanna and Joan Cross the Countess in Clive Carey's polished production of *Figaro* at the Wells. Miss Cross, before all, fits her part splendidly both in tender, dignified action and in faultless voice control, notably in "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono." Janet Hamilton-Smith, a newcomer to the part of Susanna, plays it with pleasant naturalness. The stage is a delight to the eye in every act, thanks to Rex Whistler's skilful peacock mixtures; if this picture were in colour you would get some idea of them: Figaro's stripes in red and white, Susanna's in greeny-blue and white and the Countess's in black and yellow. Lawrance Collingwood's excellent ensemble throughout makes the Beaumarchais-Mozart revival a welcome addition to Miss Lilian Baylis's 1936–37 programme and one of the most creditable and convincing performances of the Opera in English repertoire. It was first done this season two weeks ago and will appear at intervals until the theatre closes for the summer

Literary Lions for the Fireside Season

The Fifth Cage-ful



Eighty-year-old George Bernard Shaw's latest play, *The Millionairess*, opened at Bexhill recently. Ever ready to be interviewed he contrived, as usual, to interview the photographer in return, and even threatened a retaliatory snapshot

Susan Ertz has gift for friendship. Both sexes like and admire her, say she is a real person. American-born, Susan lives in London, does much constructively for charity, can chairman admirably, and write wholesome sagas, their backgrounds free from anachronisms. Made name with *Now East, Now West*

Rebecca West, nearly a beauty, does not seem forty-four. In 1911 she was already a highbrow reviewer. Irish, educated in Edinburgh, she bagged her writing name from Ibsen, and never looked back. *Return of the Soldier* was lovely, and there have been many more. For learning, facility, and powers of exposition, few women can compete

Pamela Frankau and friend Godfrey Winn bait each other in the public prints about the Modern Girl, of which Pam is a courageous example. Still overshadowed by father Gilbert, grandmother Frank Danby and humorist uncle Ronald

"Sacha" Sitwell belongs to an oft-challenged triumvirate saturated in culture, deliberately unearthing long-forgotten eccentrics. He is for educated leisure as opposed to football and flicks. We salute his scholarship and divine scorn. A child of the eighteenth century when gentlemen were men of parts. Married Georgia Doble — two sons

H. G. Wells has delighted two generations with his prose, invention and Mr. Britling sees it throughishness. At seventy looks sixty and has flung himself into the brave new universe of films Wordy, sometimes a bore, his work is always splendidly male

James Laver delighted nearly everyone with his daringly ingenious *Nymph Errant*, and later with his *Background for Venus*. Writes witty, Pope-ish verse, Works at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Married attractive Irish Veronica Turleigh, and has a family of two

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Coronation decorations, it appears, are to be weatherproof. Shields and medallions of British manufacture will be backed with plywood, flags and bunting dyed in fast colours, and festoons made of rain-proof paper. This sounds like a pretty defiant challenge to the English Summer, and if that wayward sweetheart doesn't respond suitably we shall be greatly deceived.

One disturbing effect of this decision will be to grieve the gentle Japanese, whose factories, working overtime for months, have been flooding these islands with Coronation stuff. It is, experts say, of hon. poor quality and apt to put up very little distinguished defence to illustrious British rain. The new 100 per cent. imports tax will deal with all that. Call us sentimental if you like, but it distresses us a little to think of all those factories slowing down, those charming bird-like noises of dismay, the nimble little fingers of Hon. Miss Moonlit Prune and Hon. Miss Auspicious Plum Blossom relaxed and idle. Whether Japanese manufacturers have done well or not out of the Dutch Royal wedding, we couldn't say. You probably know the slightly bitter little poem by the Japanese poet, Canning:

In matters of hon. commerce the distinguished fault of hon. Dutch,
Is giving too hon. little and asking too hon. much.

So there it is; and a sound business idea suggested to us by an M.P. recently cannot now be carried out. He said it would be rather lordly and magnificent if we let the Japanese keep on pouring masses of cheap Coronation stuff into this country and paid them eventually not in cash, but with one of our greatest national treasures, giving them G. Bernard Shaw for keeps and calling it quits. What could be fairer than that?

Good Luck, Vienna

AT the celebrated Opera Ball in Vienna on January 16, the jazz boys got a woundy good sock on the nose, it seems. The Waltz officially returned, and those Viennese bands which have stubbornly refused to degrade themselves to rendering the yowlings of sex-crazy negroes came into their traditional rights again. In its way, relativity and due proportion being kept in mind, this seems worthy of comparison with King John Sobieski's rescue of Vienna from the Turkish hordes, a great many years ago.

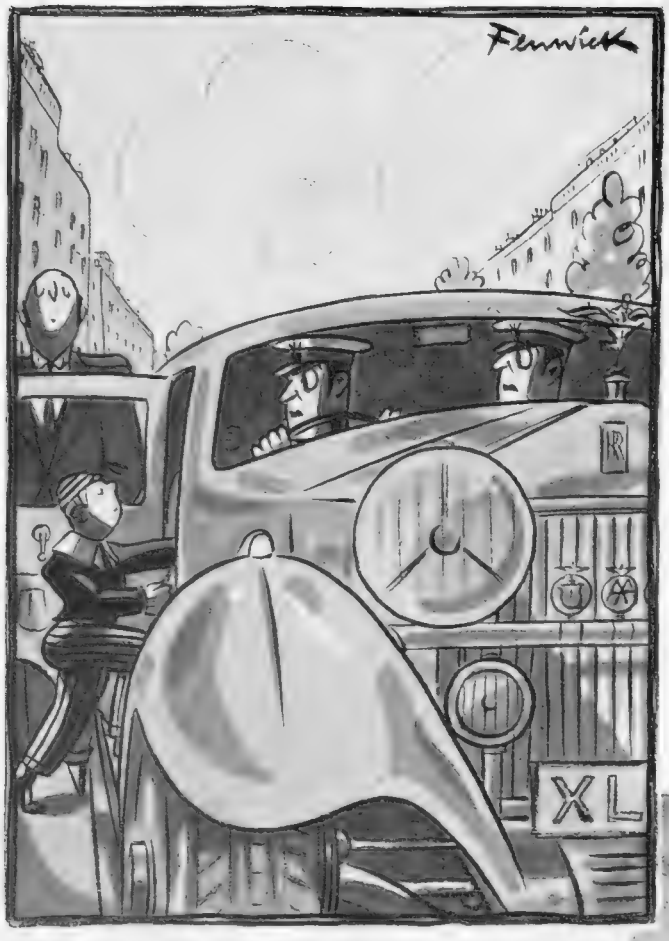
It 's only seemly that the most charming and most civilised people in the world should knock jazz, one of the most insidious weapons of the new barbarian invasion. The natural affinity of jazz with crime was pretty well demonstrated in that book on the criminal underworld the other day by a tough chap whose name we 've already forgotten. (You may remember it? The critics went cuckoo. Ask one of those boys. They said it was a world-masterpiece. As it came out only a few weeks ago, perhaps one or two of them may still recollect its title.) The Viennese Waltz flowers from a gracious civilisation which even its musical-comedy caricatures, with which we islanders are chiefly familiar, exhale from every pore, and in comparison, Semito-Negroid jazz is as the gibbering of apes. If you think we 're being wilful, reflect that only the other day jazz gave the British Constitution a pretty severe jolt—and laugh that off.

Appeal

AMONG the reasons for the present alarming state of Army recruiting discussed by an authority the other day, we found War Office publicity described as "hopelessly out of date." "No competent business firm," said this authority, "would trust to the nerveless letterpress and design of nearly all these posters."

Passing a hoarding shortly after reading this, we cocked a curious eye at the sort of poster the competent business boys do, apparently, trust in. They seem to trust chiefly in the Grin. Children grinning over soup, elderly gents grinning over liver-salts, half-naked girls grinning over jam and face-cream and baking-powder and toothpaste and what have you—the hoarding was one vast idiotic grin from end to end. The cumulative effect such a series of highly coloured dials or pans distorted by obviously exaggerated delight is appalling. Study them closely and see if you don't find yourself very quickly on the defensive instinctively rebelling against their message of joy, whatever it is. The War Office also uses the Grin to some extent, and it wouldn't be surprising if some of those jolly-ho-old-chappie invitations to play football and See the World have lost the Army quite a number of intelligent recruits. Even if they stuck a lot of Southend bathing-belles into these posters, the result would probably be the same. That 's psychology.

"Here! I told you not to darken my door again!"



"The Ritz, Baker, and step on it"

A new type of poster, free of flafla and pishposh, stating Army conditions frankly in clear type, and also stating clearly what the new vocational training courses are doing to find soldiers civilian jobs after the expiration of service, might do the trick. To please the Grin School, such a poster might also have a border of ravishing blondes or fairies, but so long as they didn't muck about with the central motif, it wouldn't matter much.

This goes for the competent business boys, too. They might be astounded to know how many people (excluding dentists) jib at the sight of all those rows of glistening teeth.

Monkey Tricks

GOOD luck to the party of seven American scientists who are going to spend the next nine months in the jungles of Siam, Borneo and Sumatra, studying the home-life of the Great Anthropoid Ape. And we hope he won't let 'em down as badly as the Missing Link of Java let their predecessors down some time ago.

The Missing Link was to have established once for all what is still unproved, the descent of man from the anthropoids. When he was found, aged dons in thick glasses leaped for joy, hairy professors went about whiffling and chittering hysterically, the Athenæum bar was packed with revellers, and every thinker in Great Britain who, for reasons best known to himself, is anxious to prove that his forbears were monkeys, joined in the chorus of praise and thanksgiving. Then they found the Missing Link didn't prove it, after all.

The American scientists are going to concentrate on the Gibbon of North Siam, "which is regarded by many as most resembling man." It would have been cheaper to start in Bloomsbury, whose many and diverse sub-human types would well repay scientific scrutiny. They walk practically upright, their hands dangling curiously, and in many cases touching the ground, they herd at drinking-pools and parties and scream and gibber, they defile most of civilised things they come in contact with, and their faces are horrible. Enjoying the protection of the Game Laws, they mustn't be shot, even to collect their skins for some useful purpose, such as making rugs or covering motor-cushions. But a humane tracker could observe them to great advantage, and it might even be that a real Missing Link might be discovered one day in one of the Bloomsbury Squares. Not that one would care to think oneself descended from him, or her, either, but it would at least leave the other jungles in peace.

We heard them yelling last week in the darkness of a January night as we passed through Russell Square. We asked a policeman if they are any trouble when they break out. He said no, they only paw one's face and buttons, making gibberish noises, and then lope away.

Gaffer's Hey

BUCOLIC laughter shook the spires of Oxford the other day when, addressing the Conference on Mechanised Farming—but we 'll quote from the *Times* report:

> Mr. Henry Williamson, the author, who is also a farmer, spoke of a visit which he paid some months ago to a grass-drying demonstration. He said that when he left he was given a half an ounce sample, which he took home and made into soup. (Laughter.) As a result of the exhilarating effect of this concoction he sold one article to the British Broadcasting Corporation for £10 10s., an article to a newspaper at the same price, and he received £15 from an American editor, to whom he introduced the new soup. (Renewed laughter.)

"Would you mind removing your hat?—I can't see a thing"

Equal laughter came from a West End restaurateur to whom we told this story next day. We discovered later that what made *him* laugh was the fact that Gaffer (" Tarka the Otter ") Williamson got only one whack of soup out of his half-ounce.

Down Devon way the hayseeds regard the Gaffer as big medicine and strong magic ; and having once done a walking-tour with him in the Pyrenees, we agree with them. We think a lot of the Gaffer, the old rural tease, though he 's pretty scornful of us and our works, describing our prose as " just bric-à-brac, floating particles of vile metropolitan atmospherics, triturations and abrasions of other people's ideas, all muddled up in fog." (Phrase taken bodily from autograph red-ink inscription in presentation copy of *The Old Stag*, which the Gaffer gave us in 1933.) What started the breach between us was our shy admission one day in a wineshop in Pamplona that we wouldn't much like our bed full of owls and badgers. This aspersion on Mother Nature sickened the Gaffer, and we didn't make things any better by asking innocently if he ever got any Nature stuff off the back of cigarette-cards. He has been rude to us ever since.

He is, however, about the only one of Mother Nature's leading boys who lives right on the soil among the pigs and pixies, and not in South Kensington. It 's just a typical gesture of defiance.

Doom Corner

THAT was a disturbing letter to the *Daily Express* the other day by a gentleman who had been wondering at a smart West End restaurant how many of the sahibs present were wearing made-up white ties. He reckoned about 30 per cent. The *Express* correspondence-director consulted a " fairly swank outfitter " — " swank " is *Expressese* for " smart "— who said 60 per cent. This seems almost unbelievable. If true, we see in it the finger of Fate and the irrevocable doom of Empire.

The one thing which has always cowed foreigners and persons with dark skins all the world over has been the British tradition of putting on dress clothes in all circumstances (even to ride in a bus, as Whistler once alleged with a sneer, the cad). In the BYSTANDER office we 're hardly ever out of tails ; in fact, when foreigners call they think it 's a funeral and ask in whispers where the body is. No other weekly is written entirely by men in white ties, symbolising the power of the British Raj. Our ties are all tied by hand, of course, although we 've too much form to boast of it. Any evening about 7 you will see a valet staggering away with a box full of new white ties rejected by A. G. (" Beau ") Macdonell. (The same story is told of Brummell.)

We brought the extraordinary allegation of the *Express's* smart outfitter to Macdonell's notice. He did not flinch. With fire flashing from his magnificent eyes he said quietly : " To admit even the merest adumbration of possibility in such a story would be to defile the heritage of Shakespeare, Drake, and Nelson, and to betray the gallant lads who are fighting for the Motherland on many a hard-fought Australian field." He then rang the bell for his valet, who was in the anteroom, turning away a mob of admiring Society women with flowers, and dismissed us.

Et Puis—Bonsoir

THE case of a young woman in a London hospital who laughs every time she falls into sound sleep is keenly interesting theatrical circles as well as medical. What makes her laugh particularly, it seems, is the recurring thought of the old maestro James (" Boss ") Agate tearing himself away from a delicious horse-show, or a game of golf, or from writing another jolly volume of his memoirs, hurling himself bitterly into evening clothes, rushing away to a theatre, and having to spend the rest of the evening till about 11.30 in a state of coma, and often mental anguish, without a single pillow, hot-water bottle, air-cushion, blanket, box of fruit, ice-bag, thriller, or bunch of flowers. We ourselves have seen a theatre-manager gloating over this, chuckling and pointing out the Boss to hangers-on as he sits in his stall with closed eyes, suffering in silence. The Boss is too proud, and too modest, to make a scene himself.

However, it 's going to be better. A society called the Friends of Agate is supplying a well-sprung red-and-gold palanquin in which the Boss will be carried into the theatre and gently set down in the centre gangway. Slaves will fan him as he reclines. If and when he sinks into blissful slumber all noise will cease, the show will be stopped, and everybody sent home.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" We 're waiting, Major "

Nightmare

Le Wintersporting

(5) Hey Cresto: Thoughts on Tobogganing

By W. D. H. McCullough

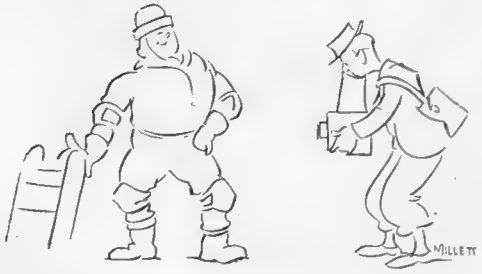
(Part Author of "You Have Been Warned")

Sketches by Christopher Millett

Pessimist

Optimist

En Route



Reward

THE decision that one really ought to have a look at the Cresta. The mild enquiry of the gentleman sitting in the corner—his astonishing eagerness to be helpful and lead you to an expert—the sinking feeling as one's enquiry about looking at the Cresta is translated to a statement that "this fellow says he 'd like to have a shot at the Cresta." The alarming willingness of the expert to be helpful in every possible way—the inability to pluck up courage and say that one only wanted to have a look at the thing—the final instructions to be ready at nine o'clock so as to get there in time to have one or two runs before the other experts arrive. The rather pleasant glow of pride on realising that one is going to be a Cresta rider—the absolutely shattering reaction after seeing the expressions on the faces of one's friends when they hear about it. The advice that it is wiser not to eat any breakfast—because if you fall it is so much simpler for the doctor who operates—the knowledge that in times of great stress one's hair can weakly stand on end. The dreams created by a combination of Swiss beer and anecdotes.

The arrival at the Kulm hotel next morning—the alarming appearance of the Cresta armour—the size of the spikes and rakes on one's boots—the trouble taken to see that one gets a crash helmet that fits exactly—the feeling that a crash helmet looks fairly lethal anyway. The unnerving discovery that the toboggan is called a skeleton—the assurance one acquires from the statistics about the number of people who have ridden the Cresta and lived—the elimination of all this assurance after seeing the first rider taking Shuttlecock. The final directions as to how to take the corners, when to get on to the banking, and the relative proportions of one's anatomy that should stick out in front of the skeleton and behind. The appearance of another chap who has just been down for the first time—the cheerful news that he went so fast he couldn't remember anything about it.

THE sudden panic as one realises that one is going down next—the whispers amongst the few spectators that he 's going down for his first run—the final instructions from one's mentor to go dead slow. The gloomy clang of the bell informing you and everyone else that the course is clear and that you are free to amuse yourself by descending an icy groove three-quarters of a mile long, head foremost, on a steel skeleton that allows you to keep your chin just clear of the ice, at speeds beginning from a standing start accelerating like a well hit golf ball and finishing up anywhere between sixty and eighty miles an hour. The final friendly reminder, if you fall, to make sure that the skeleton is pushed ahead, otherwise it will chase you down the run and treat you brutally. The finishing touches of the attendant who places you on to your skeleton.

THE sudden and very exciting feeling that You Are Off—the acceleration which makes you suspect that someone is pushing. The rather pleasant feeling going round the banking of Rise Corner—the appalling gradient that follows—the second sweep to the right round Battledore—the suspicion that the rakes on one's feet are worn down to stumps already—the steadily increasing pace round Shuttlecock. The resolve to go forward into the full speed position after Stream Corner—the immediate regret as the skeleton bounds off like a shell—the feeling that all is definitely lost and that one is travelling faster than any human being can ever have travelled before along this endless groove stretching ahead much further than your eyes care to reach. The icy banks whistling past one's eyes.

THE memory of instructions to get on to the banking early—that is to say, if a corner goes to the right, one must get the skeleton to the left edge of the run as the corner starts—the ghastly discovery that one's eyes are watering, so that it is impossible to see which way the next corner turns. The hopeless decision to keep to the middle and hope for the best—the glorious feeling of survival as one swings round to the right—another swoop, another misty dive to the left round Scylla, another dive to the right and—how grand and glorious—that must be the end, because it is uphill and the rakes on one's feet are actually making one go slower.

THE utterly magnificent feeling that one is alive, uninjured and completely kingly—the fact that the sky is blue, that the sun is shining and that all is well with the world—the rather sad announcement of the time-keeper giving your time for the descent. The extraordinarily kind enquiries from the old hands and experts as to how one got on, and the suggestions as to how much more fun the second run will be. The superb feeling of striding up covered with armour while awe-struck visitors whisper, "Cresta!"

At Mürren and Gstaad

The Season is in Full Swing

Lord and Lady Acheson made the foreground of this attractive after-lunch snap on the Hornberg, above Gstaad. Her parents have a house in Switzerland: she was Francesca Gagiati before her marriage to Lord Gosford's heir in America a year ago

Mrs. "Babe" Barnato, at Mürren with husband and family, puts in some hard work on the nursery slopes each morning. The ski suit is bright red, so she can't get lost on the snow-fields

Lucky Guy de Cramayel has parents with a châlet at Gstaad, so he spent his holidays there from his Swiss school, Rosey. You can see how much he takes after his mother, the Comtesse de Cramayel, who is Sir John and Lady Latta's daughter

Annette Michler, off for a sleigh ride with her mother, is another young person whose parents take her to the right place at the right time. It's Gstaad again, and the parents are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Michler; he is a Paris executive of the Standard Oil Company

Below: Rosemary Julian Harris and Dawn Bostock look as if they went shopping together for their winter sports outfits. They're both at the Bournemouth Art School: Miss Harris is the nineteen-year-old sculptress who won the Feodora Gleichen Prize last year. Picture taken at Mürren

Bridget Robertson faithfully makes her appearance at Mürren each year. She's a sister of Mrs. Wilfred Bagshawe, a niece of Lady Mabel Lunn, and is with Lt. Pasley-Taylor, R.N., outside the Palace Hotel

Right: Capt. and Mrs. Aubrey Janion were photographed outside their châlet with their dog, who was cautiously disguised as a snowball. Capt. Janion writes as "William Penderel" and they spend most of the year there

Films of the Day

Max Schach Makes Good Again : By George Campbell

Two years ago, Max Schach landed in England with what little capital he could squeeze out of Germany, his own quick wits, and a resolve to build up a new career in British pictures. He believed in himself, and had a knack of making others believe in him too. He and his lifelong friend and colleague, Karl Grune, made their first English film, *Abdul the Damned*, in collaboration with British International Pictures ; and within six months Schach was head of a corporation with a million pounds to spend.

His luck was too good to hold. Two or three big pictures—*The Marriage of Corbal* and *Love in Exile*—proved disappointing. They were well produced and well photographed ; they had signs of quality and polish ; but somehow they just missed. People said that Schach would fall as rapidly as he had rocketted up.

Now along comes *Love from a Stranger*, to show that they are mistaken. No doubt you saw the stage play, cleverly adapted by Frank Vosper from the best writer of detective stuff functioning since Mary Roberts Rinehart, to my sorrow, turned to less exciting fields : I mean, of course, Agatha Christie. Schach had Ann Harding under contract, but she turned down all his stories. They agreed on *Love from a Stranger*. Frances Marion—who wrote such box-office winners as *The Champ* and *Min and Bill*, and is said to have been earning from £10,000 to £50,000 a year for the last twenty years, which makes her well-to-do—was engaged to do the adaptation. Basil Rathbone was cast as the man who murders wives as a hobby and makes it pay. Rowland V. Lee, from Hollywood, was given the direction. Lee didn't want to direct it, but when the persistent Schach cabled him a 1500-word summary of the plot at a cost of about £100, he was too interested to hold out.

The picture was made, and now it 's on, and an encouraging bow in Schach's direction would not be out of place. For this is the sort of picture that British producers need—commercial without being crude, not too expensive to make a profit in the British market, and at the same time sufficiently attractive in story, production and cast, to stand an excellent chance of making money in America.

Love from a Stranger is a study of fear in a woman, of ruthless egotism, verging into insanity, in the man she marries. The fact that wife-killing as a trade has been practised by many famous criminals—Landru, for instance—gives the story a reality that more fantastic thrillers lack ; the murderer whom Rathbone plays is no crude fiend, but a brilliant, charming fellow, plausible enough, at the beginning, to take in ninety-nine women out of a hundred. It is only in the theatre and cinema that black hair and suave manners point inevitably to scoundrelism ; in real life most of us are not nearly so astute.

Watching Rathbone's performance, one cannot help concluding that his real life prototypes must have had a good deal of his charm, his quickness of wit, his insight into women's psychology, his inordinate vanity, and to a greater or less degree, his madness. The murderer in *Love from a Stranger* is a pathological case : script writer, director and actor have taken the trouble to explain, convincingly to a layman, the origins of his bloody perversion, the strange workings of his mind. He recalls, when the girl is at his mercy, and candour can do no harm, moments of cold terror in the trenches, with the enemy barrage coming nearer and nearer ; terror, and a masochistic delight, as he waited in the headmaster's study for a flogging. And with these confessions as lights, we can see dimly into the jungle of the sadist's mind, appreciate the motives for his savagery.

Rathbone's work in this picture is extraordinarily effective, even brilliant, up to a point. Towards the end he over-acts, and from some audiences he is in danger of getting a laugh or two in the wrong places. Miss Harding holds the picture together with her fine sincerity, besides looking classically beautiful and wearing some smart clothes and hats ; and the supporting rôles are very well played, with two exceptions. Binnie Hale is altogether too noisy and show-girly as the heroine's friend, and Bruce Seton, though I understand he is one hundred per cent. Anglo-Saxon, photographs like a good-looking Russian or Argentine—anything but the stodgy, typical young Englishman he is supposed to be.

The Stranger and the Lover : "Love from a Stranger"

Max Schach has re-established his reputation as producer with "Love from a Stranger," directed by Rowland V. Lee, adapted into a film by Frances Marion from the play that Frank Vosper adapted from the book that Agatha Christie wrote. Basil Rathbone plays Vosper's stage part, Ann Harding plays Marie Ney's, and they make a good thing of the mist of suspense that piles up to a well-turned dénouement. Binnie Hale and Bruce Seton are in support

The best of other new pictures is *Craig's Wife*, adapted from George Kelly's play, presented in London seven or eight years ago with Phyllis Neilson-Terry as the woman who rules home and husband with a rod of iron. Rosalind Russell plays the part in the screen version, with John Boles as her husband ; and both are surprisingly good. I say "surprisingly" because, hitherto, Miss Russell has been a light comedienne, a younger Myrna Loy ; and Mr. Boles, associated mainly with musicals and tear-wringers like *Rio Rita* and *Back Street*, has never been suspected of much ability to act.

Julika, the Peasant Girl (Paula Wessely)

The Sophisticated Beauty (Gina Falckenberg) and the Rittmeister

"Harvest": Paula Wessely's New Film

The background to this film is rural Hungary and the story a simple one of the clash between town and country mouse—between a sophisticated beauty and a peasant girl, for a man's affections. Attila Horbiger plays the cavalry captain who is the peak of the triangle: he is Paula Wessely's husband in private life. Her peasant girl is excellently set off by Gina Falckenberg's portrait of a socialite beauty. Paula Wessely's rôles need no recommendation; her performances in *Maskerade* and *Episode* have assured her reputation as actress as well as box-office draw. Geza von Bolvary directed *Harvest*, which goes to the Academy to-morrow

The Peasant Girl and the Rittmeister (Attila Horbiger)

Ann (Diana Wynyard) to Her Husband (Cyril Raymond)

"Will you sometimes remind me how happy I am?"

The Fenwicks and the Austrian

Sir Harry: "After all, she is my daughter"
Lady Fenwick: "I don't see why that should

Left: "I shall have to go back to Vienna." Carl (Louis Borell) and Ann

The Older Generation, Blissfully

"Heart's Content" at the Shaftesbury

Because W. Chetham Strode's play inspired the *Times'* critic to take up a third of his review with an imaginary conversation between himself and his (imaginary) maiden aunt, do not be confused. It deals—well, if not sublimely—with the early love of an English girl for an Austrian and her subsequent meeting with him when she is staidly married to a pillar of clubland; the dénouement is something of a master stroke, despite Auntie's implications. Diana Wynyard deals with the emotions involved in her own impeccable and adorable style; Louis Borell, the Dutch actor who made his English name at the Embassy, sets her off well by his grace and determination. O. B. Clarence, Mary Jerrold and Arthur Macrae are discreet but capital in humorous by-parts. Raymond Massey produced, Aubrey Hammond decorated, and Molyneux, Hartnell and Schiaparelli dressed *Heart's Content* for H. M. Tennent, Ltd.

mat

fidence"

Photographs by John Everard

Right: the climax and the end of first love; Ann packs for Carl's departure

Left: "You blew in my ear." Sir Harry Fenwick (O. B. Clarence) and Lady Fenwick (Mary Jerrold) and some cocktails

Getting Ready

Some Bars from the Coronation Prelude

These Screws Will Hold the Weight

Below: No Audience for Park Orators

They Compete with the Trees for Quick Growth, if not Grace

You walk along Piccadilly or round the Marble Arch one day and you see something like the picture to the right; you come along a few days later and you see activity like that to the left; wait a few more days, and the stands are up, as above, then they fit the boards and coconut matting and seats and decorations on them, and before you know where you are, it 's May 12th and the Coronation procession rolls on its glorious way. Phenomenal bookings at fancy prices are announced by the Office of Works and by private companies who are erecting stands, and brisk speculation in hotel and house windows on the route has been going on for months. The fact, announced by Messrs. Keith Prowse, that they had only ten cancellations of booked seats during the crisis speaks for itself. One enterprising firm is bringing over stands used at the Dutch royal wedding, another is to anchor a Channel steamer at London Bridge, and liners packed with Americans, Australians and others will lie at Tilbury. These pictures were taken near Marble Arch and the Mall

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Anthony

Hans Knappertsbusch is Conducting at Covent Garden

Salomé is the opera (it will be given to-night) and at its first inclusion last Monday week in the Beecham winter season Dr. Knappertsbusch made his English debut. The production, which drew widely-differing criticisms, is only the third in this country since Richard Strauss set to music Wilde's study in morbidity. It was done during Sir Thomas Beecham's first season at the Garden in 1910, with Finnish Aino Ackte as Salomé; in the 1924 revival Swedish Gota Ljundberg sang the part; the present Salomé is a Czecho-Slovak, Hildagarde Ranczak, with Gunnar Graarud as Herod and Paul Schoeffler as the prophet. Hans Knappertsbusch is one of Germany's leading conductors and Richard Strauss's favourite (as the composer once said in Vienna). Born at Elberfeld forty-eight years ago, he entered the Cologne Conservatoire at twenty, gained his doctorate from Beethoven's town of Bonn, and held successively the posts of musical director at the operas of Elberfeld, Leipzig and Anhalt. In 1922 he joined the Munich Festival as artistic director and was there till '35 (recently conducting Graarud in Strauss's "Elektra"). He is a typical Rhinelander, strongly built, witty, and a quiet conductor save when roused to the climax of a piece, when he throws himself into it and then dashes off to bathe face, hands and neck with eau-de-Cologne

"Bystander" Short Story No. 72

A Lighter Touch

By Sally Benson

Illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe

"She decided that a lighter touch was what was needed"

MRS. MEREDITH lay on the couch in the living-room, waiting. It had been a long time since she had waited for a young man to come and have tea with her. It was a perfect room for tea, too, she thought—all grays and greens and pale yellows. She had even bought a bunch of freesias for the tea table, although the room didn't take flowers well. Not fresh flowers. George Lassiter George, the decorator who had done the room, had told her that. "And don't clutter up the place with people, either," he had added. "The room can't stand them. Oh, maybe one or two, if you could place them well and have them in the right sort of clothes. I think a platinum blonde, for instance, in sort of a gray-green skin-tight dress might fit very nicely in back of the piano. A faint, very faint, touch of colour is needed there. But there are so few platinum blondes who are the Undine type."

George Lassiter George was an amusing person. Even Harry liked him. "He 's not a bad guy," he said. "Even if he is kind of a nut." Harry had a very annoying way of classifying people.

Lately, Mrs. Meredith had begun to be worried about herself. She seemed to have lost something, something she couldn't quite put a finger on. She found herself looking backward, which was a foolish thing to do. Because she was certainly as good-looking as she had been five years ago. Better-looking, really. And she had learned more. She had learned not to become too involved with people. Her experience with Rannie Larkin had taught her that. What had started out to be a mild flirtation had ended up in a dreadful scene with Rannie threatening to go to Harry and have a talk with him. It had taken her two hours to convince him that she wouldn't dream of leaving Harry. He had said some very unpleasant things to her then. After that, she decided that a lighter touch was what was needed.

THE young man, David Perry, who was coming to tea to-day would need a lighter touch. She had learned through experience that most young men took themselves and her so seriously. And David Perry was younger than she—five or six years, anyway. When they had met at a cocktail-party at the Morrisons', she had handled him very cleverly. She had treated him humorously, as though he were a great deal younger than he was. And he told her about himself. Mrs. Meredith was a good listener, because more often than not she couldn't think of anything to say. But she said the right things at the right moments.

This time, though, there must be no unpleasantness. She hoped she would never feel that maybe even unpleasant experiences were better than no experiences at all. They would talk lightly together and there would be just the right undercurrent of warm sincerity, so that it would be obvious to Mr. Perry that although she might be human, she was worth while, too.

"He's kind of an old codger and he hates to be kept waiting"

When David Perry arrived promptly at five o'clock, Mrs. Meredith thought he seemed uneasy about something. "Oh," he said, "I didn't know you were alone."

She smiled at him. "I 'm not, now."

He looked around the cool, empty room. "I must be early or late or something," he said. And then he laughed. "That 's one on me! You 'd forgotten I was coming."

"Of course I hadn't," she told him.

"Well, it 's nice of you to say so," he said. "But I still think you forgot all about me."

"Nonsense," she answered, and patted the couch beside her. "Sit down and I 'll ring for some tea."

He sat down gingerly on the edge. "The fact is," he said, "I just dropped by for a minute. I thought you 'd be having a party, and I just dropped by to tell you that I was sorry but I have this sort of appointment with this fellow. He 's downstairs in a taxi waiting for me right now."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Meredith repeated. And her voice hardened the slightest bit. "Ask him to come up."

"Oh, I couldn't. I couldn't possibly. And you wouldn't like him anyway. He 's kind of an old codger and he hates to be kept waiting. I kept him waiting once, so I know what I 'm talking about." He lit a cigarette. "Say," he went on, "I think your husband 's a prince. I told him I was coming here to-day and he said that if I could wait a half-hour or so, he 'd give me a lift. But I can't wait, you see, on account of this appointment I had."

"You make it sound as though it were a turning point in your life," Mrs. Meredith told him, a trifle acidly.

"Oh, no," he answered hastily. "Nothing like that. It 's just that he 's a good bit older than I am and I wouldn't like to keep him waiting. He 's not very well, either. In fact, he 's just out of the hospital." He walked over to the window and looked down at the street. "Yep," he said. "He 's still waiting. But really, you know, it was darned nice of you to ask me to come and see you. Most of the people I know in New York haven't any real homes like this." He looked around the room and, slightly taken aback at what he saw, added, "I mean they mostly live in hotels or something."

"Hotels," Mrs. Meredith said, "are dreadful."

"Yes, I suppose they are," Mr. Perry agreed. "Of course, they are kind of fun at first, ordering anything you want. It 's much nicer having a place of your own, though."

THE conversation lagged a minute while Mr. Perry seemed to be thinking. "Say," he said suddenly, "do you think it 's possible for two people to get married and stay married in New York?"

"Why, I don't know," Mrs. Meredith began judicially.

(*Concluded on page* 106)

"He studied the girl's profile gloomily"

The Lighter Touch

(Continued from page 105)

"I mean average people," Mr. Perry interrupted. "Of course, take you and Mr. Meredith. You 've been married for years and I guess you wouldn't want to change places with anybody. But I tell you, when you see some people it makes you kind of leery of getting married. And then again, when you take your own case, it 's hard to know what to think."

"I shouldn't wonder," Mrs. Meredith said.

Just then the house phone rang in the hall and Mr. Perry started nervously. "I wouldn't be surprised if that was for me," he said. And before Mrs. Meredith could move, he jumped to answer it.

She heard him say, "I 'll be right down." And then he added rather loudly, "I told you I 'd be right down."

When he came back in the room he had his hat in his hand. "It was that fellow I was telling you about," he explained. "And he sounded pretty mad. I guess he 's tired of waiting. So——" He came toward her and held out his hand. "It 's certainly been nice talking to you," he said. "I 'd like to have a longer talk some time soon."

His exit was abrupt.

As he got into the taxi, the young girl in the black felt hat moved over grudgingly to make room for him. "Now, listen, Madge," he said. "You mustn't do those things, telephoning upstairs and everything. It was darned embarrassing, that 's what it was. Darned embarrassing!"

She turned her face away and looked out of the window.

"How 'd I know I was going to be so long?" he asked. "Why don't you wait once in a while before you go telephone all over the place? I wish you 'd been up there with me. You might have learned something. She was nice to me. Darned nice. She 'd forgotten I was coming and she was as nice about it as could be." He studied the girl's profile gloomily. "I told you once and I 'll tell you again, I work for her husband and it was darned nice of her to ask me. And if you weren't so dumb, you 'd realise that a woman like Mrs. Meredith just naturally goes around being nice to people. She doesn't have to be in love with anyone before she 'll give them a decent word. She and Mr. Meredith have been married for years and they 're a perfectly devoted couple." He put his head back wearily. "Gee, I don't get you at all!" he said.

The girl turned toward him and spoke for the first time. "How old is she, anyway?" she asked.

"Well, you can imagine she isn't exactly young," Mr. Perry told her. "They 've been married ten years."

"Oh," she said, appeased. "Well, if I promise not to be mad at you for keeping me waiting, will you take me any place I want to go all evening?"

"Of course I will," young Mr. Perry said, his voice softening.

"O.K., then."

They kissed happily.

THE END.

The Tissot Exhibition

The exhibition of works by James Tissot, which has been at the Leicester Galleries for ten days and will remain open another ten, brings into modern limelight one of the most remarkable characters of Victoriana. His career as an interpreter of social and feminine elegance of the '70s and '80s ended with a tragic scandal about his "mystery" model, whom he is said to have kept shut in the grounds of his St. John's Wood house, where he spent his political exile from Paris. A changed man, he made a pilgrimage to Palestine, and later illustrated a life of Christ, for which he was paid a million francs. He died in a monastery in 1902 and his value nowadays is largely due to his earlier social works. Above is "Danseuse de Corde"; "The Gardener," on the right, incorporates the "mystery" model

Coronation Debutantes

Lenare

The Hon. Avice Vernon

Bassano

Lady Alma Le Poer Trench

Is nineteen, very attractive, has been around a good deal already and will probably lead the field for 1937. She is the late Earl of Clancarty and Mary Countess of Clancarty's only daughter; her half-brother, the present Earl, holds the family's three Irish titles, two United Kingdom ones (he sits as Viscount Clancarty) and the Dutch Marquisate of Heusden, given to the second Earl when Ambassador to The Hague

Left above: Avice Irene Venables-Vernon is Lord and Lady Vernon's eighteen-year-old only daughter. Her lovely mother was Miriam Clay (Lieut.-Col. Clay's daughter) before she married the ninth baron in the year he succeeded, and when they aren't at Sudbury Hall, Derby, the Vernons live at the ultra-modern No. 34, Trafalgar Square, Chelsea

Bassano

Miss Edith Sybil Lambart

Left: Edith Sybil Lambart is the Hon. Lionel and Mrs. Lambart's only child; her mother is the late Captain Randolph Randolph's daughter, her father is the seventy-one-year-old Earl of Cavan's elder brother and heir; he got his D.S.O. in the Navy at the Dardanelles in 1916, and is now a J.P. for Dorset, where he lives at Marsh Court, Sherborne

Pearl Freeman

Miss Althea Spicer

Above: Althea Spicer promises to be one of the loveliest of the debutantes at King George VI.'s first courts; she is the youngest of Sir Dykes and Lady Spicer's three daughters. Her mother is the Rector of St. Marylebone's daughter; her father, the second baronet, is joint assistant managing director of the quality paper firm of his name

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Mr. Compton Mackenzie: Book One: By Alan Thomas

"THE EAST WIND OF LOVE" (Rich and Cowan; 8s. 6d.) is Book One of the tetralogy which Mr. Compton Mackenzie promises us and which in its entirety is to be called *The Four Winds of Love*. In his dedicatory letter he expresses some anxiety on the question whether "a design which involves such an accumulation of incident, such an amount of discussion, such a variety of scene, and such a crowd of characters, will be approved." I do not think that Mr. Mackenzie need have any such fears—at all events, to judge from Book One. There are times, perhaps, when the superficial reader may feel inclined to skip some of the talk: but most readers will forget to grow weary in their eagerness to plumb *au fond* the intellectual and emotional experience the author offers us.

The book, which runs to over 650 pages, opens—and closes—at the beginning of this century. The seal of Victorianism has been set upon the country, and in no character is one aspect of the period more amusingly epitomised than in that of the Rev. George Damson, who "saw Almighty God as an immense nebula giving off somewhat in the form of gaseous emanations an influence composed of the qualities *sub specie æternitatis* of a headmaster, a cricket umpire, an English naval captain and Santa Claus." Composing the central theme of the book are the fortunes, loves and aspirations of the eighteen-year-old John Ogilvie. Grouped round him in varying degrees of spiritual—and sexual—proximity are the brilliant and seductive Miriam Stern, mother of Emil, the budding revolutionary, and of Julius, the musical prodigy; Edward Fitzgerald, champion of Irish independence; Rose Medlicott, whose love affair with John struggles for a while in the strait-waistcoat of Victorian respectability and then expires; and Cissie Oliver, who, with her friend, Odette, introduces John to some light and not a little unconventional learning in the city of Calvin.

IT is impossible in a short review to give an adequate idea of the range of thought or of the spiritual intensity which the author has put into his story. Be it the discussion of Catholicism or of Marxism, of Liberty or of Romance, of the "infallible superiority" of the English landed classes or of the unspeakable degradations which disfigure life in many of our great cities, Mr. Mackenzie's superb craftsmanship never for one moment lets the subject or the story drag. *The East Wind of Love* blows, in fact, as fresh as a sea breeze, invigorating the mind as the other does the body. Mr. Mackenzie (again in his dedicatory letter) throws out a word of sympathy to the reviewer at the prospect of three more volumes like this. On me his sympathy is wasted. Having read Book One I am more than ready for Book Two. And I think the public will be also.

"ONE MAN'S HOLIDAY," by Henry Dickson (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.) is half novel and half travel-book, and I am not sure that the combination is altogether satisfactory. One, Henry Parker, who rightly claims to be no more than an average Englishman, visits Greece. He does so "as the typical representative of a citizen under a constitutional and democratic monarchy to watch another and a strange country, deciding on its future method of government." (The reference here is to the plebiscite on the restoration of the Greek monarchy.) We begin with the voyage out on a cargo-boat from Liverpool, encountering the usual difficulties over taking on the cargo, getting the captain's wireless to work, and so on. After landing at Patras we journey by easy stages to Athens, which we make our centre for various sight-seeing trips and pleasurable excursions. The descriptions, which aim at being light and chatty, are instructive, full of local colour, but scarcely inspired. So that the story shall not be devoid of human interest, Harry Parker is made to fall in with a young lady of Greek extraction whose travelling companions are rather too obviously determined that she and Harry shall make a match of it. The book, I think, would have been better without this fictional setting. Mr. Dickson, who is by no means wanting in observation or humour, had enough material to make a book of purely travel interest. I wish he had done so. As it is, *One Man's Holiday* suffers from being neither one thing nor the other.

Author of a New Tetralogy

Compton Mackenzie has called his newest work "The Four Winds of Love" and the first of the four, "The East Wind of Love," has been published and is reviewed on this page. Brother of Fay Compton, brother-in-law of Christopher Stone, he lives in the Outer Hebrides and made his name nearly a quarter of a century ago when "Sinister Street" appeared

"MURDER FOR LOVE," by Sarah Salt (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.), contains two studies of "mental" cases. The first and longer of the two stories, entitled *God Has Had Pity*, recounts the history of an unhappy family whose lives are made miserable by an old harridan of a grandmother. The granddaughter's action in administering an overdose of drug to the old lady brings some relief to the family but none to herself—at all events until she has confessed her crime. Even then "the stirring of memory" does not always leave her in peace. Her ultimate state is one of complete indifference to everything and everybody. The other story tells of a woman whose life is thwarted by the inattentions of an under-sexed husband. Miss Salt writes with admirable economy of phrase: in a page or two she can make you understand exactly what it feels like to mix with the "well-behaved patients" in the women's drawing-room of a mental home, or what a slightly unbalanced person will go through in trying to bottle up a secret which, sooner or later, must be revealed. These two stories are well written, and that, no doubt, is why they make such painful reading.

FOR your library list I recommend Miss Doreen Wallace's *Old Father Antic* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), a novel which sets out once again to prove that the law—or rather, that part of it relating to holy matrimony—is an ass. Possibly Miss Wallace tends to overstate her excellent case, but her consummate art as a story-teller makes the propaganda palatable.

Do not on any account overlook Miss Sarah Campion's *Cambridge Blue* (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.). It is Cambridge seen through the blue eyes of a University professor's young daughter. Nothing much happens, but what does is told with an effervescent wit and a delicate irony that makes the book deliciously entertaining.

Grand Portage, by Louisa Redfield Peattie (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), is a nice, wholesome story about a rich American family and its ancestral log cabin. The heroine is brought up on the Riviera, but the call of the cabin is too strong, and she returns to love in Illinois. This novel is romantic, readable, and entirely unreal.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

Spring is fast approaching, and the charming ensemble on the left has been designed for formal occasions. It may be seen in Rose Taylor's model salons at 60, Grosvenor Street, and is carried out in sage green wool with a soft angora finish. The frock is perfectly plain with long, tight sleeves and groups of sunray tucking here and there. It is accompanied by a bolero coat with long ends drawn into folds at the waist. These are lined in tomato coloured ripple silk which is turned outwards to form a becoming scarf collar. Black wool "guipure" lace is used for another ensemble also to be seen in these salons, consisting of a short-sleeved dress and full-length fitting coat, the latter in velours de laine, trimmed ocelot

They Winter Abroad

Printed voiles and summer frocks seem rather incongruous at this time of year, yet they are absolutely essential for southward-bound cruises. The figure seated in a deck-chair, obviously enjoying the sunshine, is wearing a charming two-piece ensemble from Walpole's, New Bond St. It only costs 5 guineas and is made in white linen embroidered with red and blue dice. The sleeveless frock is piped with red, while the short, fitting jacket has wide revers and fastens with a single button

Practical frocks for dances on board are very necessary, and it is advisable to choose a crisp material which will not easily crush. The model on the right is picturesque and youthful, carried out in a washing flowered organdie with full circular skirt, shirred corsage, and flame-coloured taffeta sash. It is cut with a low décolleté and costs 6½ guineas at Walpole's, who are also showing tailored washing frocks for 3 guineas in heavy spun silk with short puff sleeves and hemstitching on the shoulders

Photographs by Alexander

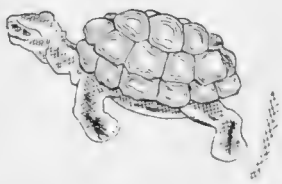
Discovered by Peter

THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

Sixpences are extraordinarily useful for tipping and can be carried in this leather coin bracelet which costs 18s. 9d. at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is invaluable when travelling or playing golf, as the contents are firmly held in position by a spring, though they are easily extracted when necessary

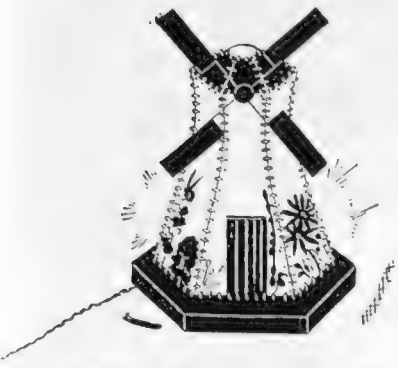
A muff is sometimes an encumbrance, but when it conceals a bag it becomes quite indispensable. Debenham and Freebody are showing the model on the left which suggests ocelot edged with brown suède. It fastens with a sliding catch, and is also obtainable in imitation Persian lamb

Masks both ugly and beautiful, are the rage this year for interior decoration. This one has been made into a striking handbag and costs 49s. 6d. at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street



Schemes for table decoration at Harrods include bonbons dishes in the shape of tortoises. They are made of frosted glass tinted bronze green or amber, and cost 7s. 3d. The shell lifts up like a lid

This necklace of gold fish floating in glass balls filled with water, is an amusing accessory from Marshall and Snelgrove. It costs a guinea and is very decorative as each fish is a different colour



Modern lighting tends to be subdued rather than glaring, especially in a small room. A charming effect is achieved with this windmill lamp in painted parchment on a wooden base. The price is 25s., and it comes from Harrods

A new idea for smokers is to have floral ashtrays in frosted amber glass. They cost 6s. 3d., and may be seen in the china and glass department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The ashes are scattered over the leaves, while a spare cigarette or two can be slipped into the tendrils

An inkstand in the shape of a glass dog with a cheeky expression and somewhat doubtful pedigree is seen on the right. It costs 4s. 6d., and also comes from the china and glass section at Harrods

Golf Clubs at Home : Lincoln

H. N. Newsum (captain) and Claude Pym (president)

P. J. Bridges (hon. secretary)

Reg. Pumfrey

A. Rose

F. Bell

R. Mackinder

G. H. Newsum

David Clarke

Dr. A. S. Green, W. M. Phillips and F. E. Bovill (ex-captain)

T. H. Wallis (match secretary) and H. T. Cannon

W. Wilkinson (steward), R. Barton (greenkeeper) and A. Earl (professional)

1.19a.

an
awful
"faux pas"
and you flounder
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and
deeper ! . . .

ever noticed
how
a cigarette
helps you
to overcome
the embarrassment
of
your
unfortunate remark ? . . .

after all,
how
were
you
to
know
it
was
her husband ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Winter Sports News Reel

Kandahar Events

KANDAHAR races recently have included a handicap race on the Maulerhubel course, which was won by Michael Glennie; the Finel Cup, a handicap slalom, won by Michel Féron; and a Bracken no-fall race on the Schiltgrat, won by Michael Allinson.

More important Kandahar events have, however, been held on the other side of the valley. On January 6th, a special train conveyed a big contingent of Junior K's over to Wengen for the Junior Kandahar Championship, which was run in connection with the Wengen Junior Championship and the Baidland Cup. Owing to a misunderstanding, several competitors missed the course, and it was unfortunate that Wengen was unable to raise an entry for the Wengen Junior Championship, which was therefore won by the Junior Kandahar Champion Michael Allinson, from Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., and Anthony Hobson.

The British Open Ski-Running Championship

ON January 9th and 10th, the Kandahar Ski Club organised at Grindelwald the second British Open Ski-Running Championship, on behalf of the Ski Club of Great Britain. This Championship is open to all ski-runners who are amateurs under British rules.

The Straight Race was won by Peter Aitchison (D.H.O.) from Michel Lehner (Montana) and Otto Boss (Grindelwald).

The Ladies' Straight Race was held over the same course, Bärhughütte-Boden, and was won by Fräulein Erna Steuri from Miss Elizabeth Macfie and Miss Birnie Duthie, both members of last year's Olympic Team.

Fritz Steuri ski-ed down the course hors concours, and set up a record with 4 min. 14.3 sec.

The Slalom, which was set by Mr. Arnold Lunn, was held the next day, and was won by André Brandicourt from Michel Lehner and Lukin Robinson.

The Ladies' Slalom was won by Frl. Erna Steuri from Miss Beryl Walter and Miss Philippa Harrison.

Michel Lehner won the Combined Open Championship from André Brandicourt and Otto Boss; the Closed Championship being won by Robenson of Canada from Lindlar and Peter Aitchison.

The Ladies' Open Championship was won by Frl. Erna Steuri; and the Closed Championship by Miss Elizabeth Macfie (2nd) from Miss Birnie Duthie (3rd) and Miss Beryl Walter (4th).

The Combined Results were decided by the new method of combination according to the F.I.S. rules. The snow conditions were good, and the weather was fine.

Klosters

THE Halford-Hewitt Public Schools Challenge Cup, open to teams from past and present members of public schools, was competed for at Klosters on January 6th. The course selected was from the top of the Weissfluh to the bottom of the Maierhof Glade—a descent of 3570 feet. There was a slight snowfall the night before, and the race was run on very fast light powder, in perfect weather conditions. The course is one of the most testing on the Parsenn—ending in a very steep glade.

There was an entry from eight schools, while Eton and Winchester each put in a second team. The race was won by the Eton team, consisting of J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson, W. D. Kessler, N. Daniel, and A. Palmer-Tomkinson. The Marlborough team—P. M. Aitchison, P. H. Hordern, and J. N. O. Curle—were second; 3rd, Winchester; 4th, Stowe; 5th, Harrow; 6th, Rugby; 7th, Winchester II.; 8th, Wellington; 9th, Charterhouse; and 10th, Eton II. J. A. Palmer-Tomkinson (Eton) had the best individual time of 4 min. 47 sec.; Kessler (Eton) next, with 5 min. 12 sec.; and G. Pugh (Harrow) third, with 5 min. 21 sec. Palmer-Tomkinson's time was remarkable for such a course.

On January 10th the team race between Mardens Club and the Ski Club, Klosters, was held for the Parsenn Shield. The course was from Kreuzweg to the new Serneus Hut, and resulted in an easy win for Mardens Club, owing to two of their opponents breaking skis or bindings. W. D. Kessler had the best time of 4 min. 55 sec.

Sir Anthony Meyer

Came second in both the Kandahar junior championship and the Wengen junior championship. He is staying at the Palace, Mürren, with his mother and passed the first part of his Kandahar test a month ago

Villars

THE Bishop Cup, a straight race held over a standard course from the top of Chamossaire to Villars (2800 ft.), was won by Mickey Davies in 9 min. 10 sec. This was a very popular win. Davies has raced at Villars for several years, winning the Junior Challenge Cup outright when he was fifteen. He is only seventeen now.

H. Aschaffenberg came second in the Bishop Cup, with 9 min. 14 sec.; and D. Bartlett third, with 9 min. 34.8 sec.

Miss Aileen Gregory won the Witches' Cauldron, a ladies' race over the same course as the Bishop's Cup. She completed it in 13 min. 34.8 sec.; and was followed, not very closely, by Mlle. de Clermont-Tonnerre (14 min. 45.6 sec.) and Miss Charmian Spencer - Phillips (15 min. 47.8 sec.).

Two days later the Nursery Porringer was raced for, and won by M. T. O. Bartlett (1 min. 55.8 sec.), with P. Keogh and D. F. Campbell at second and third respectively. The race is for under sixteeners, and this year's was a magnificent performance on all parts. Maurice Bartlett is only fourteen, and has been second in the Porringer twice before.

The day after saw the Ronald Cup race, open to genuine first season novices, who have never worn skis before. None of the first three fell during the course; they were Miss Marion Steedman (1), H. Merrian (2), and P. Johnson (3).

Peter Aitchison

Won the straight race in British Open Ski Championship at Grindelwald in record time (4 min. 25 sec.), from Michel Lehner and Otto Boss, who finished eight seconds and ten seconds respectively behind him. Conditions were perfect, with powder snow on hard crust

Frl. Steuri and Miss Macfie

Came first and second respectively in the British Ladies' Championship, run at Grindelwald on the same day as the men's. Erna Steuri, the crack Swiss ski-er, finished in 5 min. 36 sec., Elizabeth Macfie in 5 min. 47 sec.: Miss Birnie Duthie was third

Mr. Fiske Does His Boots Up

Billy Fiske, the champion Cresta rider, has adopted the style of racing trousers in beige covert coating originated by the Olympic ski-runner, "Mouse" Cleaver, and made now in St. Moritz, where this picture was taken

St. Moritz Street Scene

The photographer met Mr. Robert Sweeny, the American amateur golfer, with Mr. and Mrs. William Rhodes-Moorhouse somewhere in St. Moritz. Mrs. Rhodes-Moorhouse is Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi's only daughter; was married in September, and she and her husband have been post-honeymooning in St. Moritz since the snow season began. He appears to fancy the "Mouse" Cleaver trousers, too

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Kimmins

Grindelwald was glad to see Anthony Kimmins on skis again—the first time since he broke his back on them some years ago (and wrote "While Parents Sleep" during his convalescence). Pretty Mrs. Kimmins is Admiral Sir Michael Hodges' daughter

News Names

Some Swiss Snow Celebrities, Social and Sporting

Mr. Martineau and Count Rossi

Mr. H. Martineau is the President of the English Bobsleigh Club, and he and the secretary, Lt.-Col. Orr, have arranged their usual full programme. The Martineau cup will be raced for on February 3rd and 4th

Not So Quiet on the St. Moritz Front

Left: Theo McAvoy was in the middle, Mr. and Mrs. Erich Maria Remarque on each side, in this St. Moritz snapshot. Remarque's latest book (not yet published) is being adapted by R. C. Sherriff for an M.-G.-M. film; it's called "Three Comrades" and is about the war again

Bemedalled Bob-runner

Mr. Peter Mackay and his medals submitted to the photographer at St. Moritz. He is Australian, a Bobsleigh Clubman of long standing, divides his time between Colombo and Switzerland

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Final of the "Putter"

NEVER since the President's Putter tournament was first played in 1920 have the weather conditions been so bad that play has been impossible, although on many occasions it has been, to say the least, decidedly unpleasant. As this meeting, for various reasons, must take place in January, the chances of very unfavourable weather being experienced are great, and, with the exception of snow, every form of vile weather has actually been encountered.

This year the weather conditions could hardly have been better. On the first day there was a slight breeze from the north-west; on the Friday there was not sufficient wind to unwrap the new Society flag from the flag-pole; on the Saturday and Sunday there was just sufficient breeze from the south to the south-west to make play interesting, and every day was clear and bright, with plenty of sun. The Friday was so warm that one competitor, who is, I must admit, well protected by nature against cold, actually played in his shirt-sleeves.

J. B. BECK, late of Battle, who has played for Great Britain against the United States of America, and who has been captain of the Rye Golf Club, won the Putter by defeating D. H. R. Martin in a most exciting final at the 19th hole, in a match in which bad shots were nearly always followed by really brilliant strokes. Martin got an unlucky start as, although he put his second shot at the first hole within nine yards of the post, he found it lying badly in long grass, from where he failed to get down in two more, and lost the hole. He then played a very good and very long tee shot from the second tee, only to find a considerable portion of his ball below the surface of the fairway. I cannot help thinking that the moral effect of these two pieces of ill-fortune, so early in the round, was to some extent responsible for his missing his third shot, and losing the hole to a five, and I am quite certain that it affected the result of the match very materially.

Bad and close lies at Rye were far from uncommon, and as the fairways were slow in addition, the long hitters and powerful players enjoyed an even greater advantage than they usually do. Like many other courses which once provided real seaside golf, the course at Rye is becoming, year by year, more and more like an inland course than a seaside links.

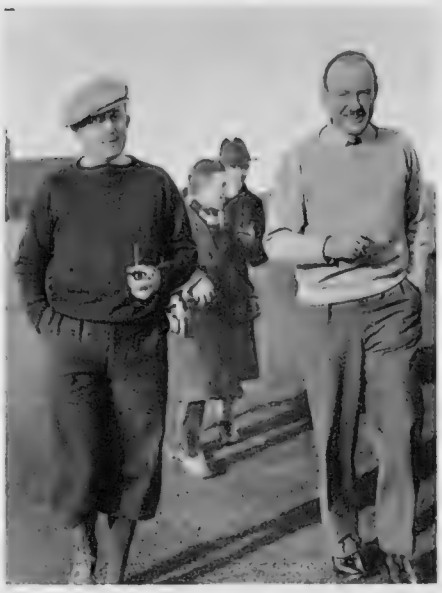
BECK was still two up at the turn, having lost the third, which with the back tee in play, and the wind against, was considerably further than a drive and a kick, and won the fifth, where Martin pulled his second. Martin got back a hole at the eleventh, by holing a long putt over newly-laid turves, and squared the match at the Sea Hole (13th), where Beck took momentary leave of his senses and four strokes to get down from just short of the green. Beck won the long one-shot fourteenth, owing to a pulled tee shot by his opponent, and now stood one up.

The next three holes must have been very trying and most aggravating to Beck. From the fifteenth tee Martin sliced to blazes, and finished on the eighteenth green; after picking off, he played a magnificent wooden club shot to the back of his proper green, and holed the putt for a three to win the hole from a perfectly played four by Beck. Beck then proceeded to take three putts on the sixteenth and seventeenth greens, and became one down for the first time at the most unsuitable place in a match bar one.

Martin now, with his tail well up, hit a tremendous tee shot to the eighteenth. I must say that at this point I could not help feeling sorry for Beck, who might so easily have already won the match by 3 and 2, but who actually was one down, and had to follow a perfect tee shot. You can hardly imagine a more suitable time to blow up, but Beck not only refused to do so, but played the eighteenth and nineteenth holes with apparently no more anxiety than you would expect him to show if he were playing Halford Hewitt for half-a-crown. His tee shot to the eighteenth was every bit as good as Martin's, he had to play his second first by inches, and hit a long brassey shot right home against the wind. Martin played his second with an iron and topped and pulled it, to see his ball deflected from trouble to the centre of the course by the legs of the spectators; however, this piece of fortune was of no avail, as he failed to get his run up close enough to hole.

BOTH players were on the nineteenth green in two shots, Martin played his second with an iron club and put it on the right of the green, about twelve yards short of the hole—from anywhere on the right of this green you get a very difficult putt with considerable borrow. On the other hand, Beck, instead of a long iron shot, played an easy controlled spoon shot, which finished about five yards to the right of the hole. After Martin had failed to put his most difficult approach putt dead, Beck once more gave his supporters a fright by again putting very short; but Martin missed, and Beck at last managed to nudge a short putt into the hole, and thus gained the right to hang a ball on the putter with which Hugh Kircaldy won the Open Championship of 1891.

I SHALL remember for many years some of the really wonderful shots which were played in this final. I give most marks to Beck's seconds at the eighteenth and nineteenth holes, while Martin's long seconds with wood at the seventh and fifteenth holes were almost as impressive. He would have holed both these long holes in three if he had not missed a short putt at the seventh.



The President's Putter at Rye

John Beck won the President's Putter at The Society's meeting at Rye. In the semi-final he beat Cyril Tolley (who was in the 1920 Oxford team with him) and in the final round, described on this page, he beat D. H. R. Martin at the nineteenth. Here he is seen (right) with his first-round opponent, E. F. Storey

Anthony Duncan beat Bernard Darwin in the first round by five and three and survived to the fourth round, when he was beaten by one hole by the runner-up, Martin

A. J. Evans (in hat), seen with his first-round victim, F. D. Morton, lost to John Beck in the fourth round by three and two

Near Watford, Hertfordshire

This England

SLOW are the waters of this sweet green isle, enriching the lovely lowlands as they pass to their fulfilment in the sea. The people, too, move slowly to achieve their ends, and in this slow surety make many things the richer by the way. Even in urgent matters like the brewing of good beer a greater richness comes of slow maturing—as any glass of Worthington will prove.

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Resolutions for the New Year

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

SOMEHOW it seems that I have neglected my duty. Here are we a couple of weeks into the New Year, and I have not so much as mentioned the word "resolution." Even now I feel a trifle vague on the subject, having slipped away for a few days on Exmoor, where the good horse under one, the sky above, the red deer and the wild ponies, the rushing streams, and the hint of spring on the larches, seem all so much more important than the royal and ancient game.

A log fire, too, on a great open brick hearth, when the sun has sunk behind the moor, and any more hours out of doors are impossible, is more conducive to a gentle snooze than to thoughts of anything in particular. Yet this is absurd. A letter on golf you must, and shall have. Nothing has probably happened (it is easy to shun a daily paper here), beyond the President's Putter and the Secretary's Niblick at Rye, and these are no concern of the ladies, except that Mrs. John Beck, once Miss Baba Pim, is no doubt extremely proud of her gallant husband, and other once eminent lady golfers perhaps a little disappointed at their offspring's refusal of chances.

So now is the moment to think of resolutions. What firm resolve will be the most likely to win championships, county matches, club medals, even the normal friendly game? The answer to that is, no doubt, that a single resolve is a mere drop in the ocean: most of us need a whole compendium of them. To work hard at the irons; to give the long putts a chance; never to stop trying, however many we may be down; never to think our opponent's lucky and ourselves unlucky—here are a few only. Perhaps the most valuable thing any aspiring golfer could do, in the few weeks that lie between January and the start of the competition season, would be to work hard at the old putting business. I still have implicit faith in the recipe which reformed my own putting, and that was a small hole, only just big enough for the ball to drop into, and daily putting at it, every putt holed out, and no stopping until I had got down in thirty-six from eighteen different places—some five to seven yards from the hole. Tedious, yes. If it began to rain, if somebody interesting came to call, if one were dead sick of picking the ball out of the tiny hole, then to break down at the seventeenth and start all over again was real discipline. But it was worth it. I would still recommend any golfing protégée of mine to do likewise.

THAT, though, is hardly so much a playing resolve as a method of improvement. If there is to be one 1937 resolution, surely it had better be: "I will be past the pin with every shot up to it, unless any very peculiar local conditions mean that the nearest part of the green is the only safe place to go for." I am quite sure that if one were to analyse the shots up to the hole of the winner and the loser in a match, it would be shown that the winner persistently gave the hole a chance. Not only with the putts, though the truth of "never up, never in" is so obvious and revered, that it ought to need no stressing, but equally with the chips, pitches, run-ups, the short irons and the long ones, the spoons, the brassies and even, if the short hole be so long as to need them, the drivers. "But I don't consciously play to be short," says a plaintive reader. Possibly not, but do you deliberately aim for the back of the green, or, in other words, for the top of the pin, not the bottom?

I doubt it. There is some amazing complex about the return putt which makes it so much easier than one up to a pin that the long shot has failed to reach, and for that reason, if for no other, it is worth it every time to be up with the iron shot. And though the number of irons and chips holed out are comparatively few, the hole has been known to get in the way, and it is obviously impossible for it so to do if the ball does not travel far enough to reach it. All of us, I suppose, have some miserable, and often unsuspected strain of vanity, making us inclined to believe that a No. 3 iron will get us home, when really we need a No. 2. We do not intentionally rest content with reaching only the part of the green nearest to us, but we simply do not take the club capable of hitting the ball to any other. The resolve then really should be made even more definite: "I will always take one club longer than seems wanted." After all, that is something which for the present-day golfer is a mere mechanical aid. In my young days—says she sententiously, having just had a birthday—it was not only what club to take, but how big a shot to play with it. A fascinating process, to be sure: a half-iron was a pleasant shot to play, and most satisfying; I can never feel that a matched set of numbered irons allows the same scope for artistry as the old-fashioned way in which all manner of lengths and trajectories were conjured out of the same club. A resolution in those days meant something, for the length of shot was definitely determined and imparted by the will of the striker.

No doubt the modern clubs have made the game easier; whether it is therefore any more to be enjoyed, I take leave to question. And yet—and yet. . . . Those were some very pleasing steel-shafted irons I had a few shots with the last time I was on a course. I wonder.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Christianson

Mrs. Berry

Here are two Lancashire players who have had successful golfing years. On the left is Mrs. Christianson who has been doing particularly well; right, Mrs. Berry who has been reducing her handicap fast. They both belong to Reddish Vale

A 1936 Retrospect

To the "Bystander" Girls' Championship, won by Peggy Edwards in September. This picture, taken by Miss Helme at Stoke Court, shows Mary Love, Joan Pemberton, Dorothy Thomson, Daphne Martyn, Hazel McGlashan, Joan Hives and Pam Shand

There is good food at Monte Carlo

"BEASTS feed: man eats: the man of intellect alone knows how to eat," said Brillat Savarin, the gourmet's guide. It's a wise company, then, that gathers at Monte Carlo—for the food there is perfection.

Who that has once tasted it can forget the *madrilène* of Monte Carlo, rose-red and nectar to the palate? And what adventurer worthy of the name would not travel cross-continent to the Hôtel de Paris for *mostèle cambacérès*—a local fish existing only, it would seem, for the delectation of the greedy. Chef Rampoldi is the great man responsible, for that and other *créations de la maison—Filet de sole nonante huit, Poularde soufflée Hôtel de Paris, Filet de boeuf Prince Albert*—the variety is endless. If you can't decide for yourself, get Maître d'hôtel Broc to do it for you. He is your mentor at the Sporting Club or Café de Paris. At the Hôtel de Paris Messieurs Barroni and Lanteri will guide, advise and cherish you. And they know how to do it—they've been at it for 25 and 40 years respectively!

This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo is cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the "pension tournante." This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY—APRIL 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: GALAS at INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB and HOTEL DE PARIS; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Flower Show, *March 28–April 4*; Dog Show, *April 3–4*; THEATRE—Season of Comedies and Operettas opened at Beaux Arts Theatre, *January 21*.

SPORT: Winter Sports at Beuil—Viking Cup and Primrose Cup, International Ski-jumping competition, *February 21*; Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22–28*; Easter Tournament, *March 27–April 7*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30* to *February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Charles PANZERA, *February 5*; Gioconda de VITO, *February 10*; Jacques THIBAUD, *February 17*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17* and *19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24* and *26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*. OPERA — WAGNER'S "TRISTAN and ISOLDE," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, are appearing during the course of the season, which lasts till *April 10*.

Howard Marshall on Rugger

More Play and Less Rules : A Plea for Simplicity

So the Welsh match is over, but you know more about it than I do as I sit here pushing a pen. I make vague surmise about the prospects. You know the result.

I am not sure that it is altogether satisfactory to know the result. Anticipation is so often more amusing. The Welsh match as I see it, writing before the event, is crammed with great football. The Welsh match as you saw it on Saturday, may well have been a dreary flop.

I suppose the truth is that most of us are romantics at heart. We trek to Twickenham or Swansea or Murrayfield year after year with heroic possibilities stirring our imaginations. Wooller or Cranmer, Sever or Davies—someone will score a fantastic try to win an historic match. And sometimes it happens. It happened last year at Cardiff when Wales beat the All Blacks, and again at Twickenham, when Obolensky swerved and flashed his way to fame.

RUGBY football is, indeed, highly combustible. It smoulders through forward mauling and smothering defence ; it glows dully through weary periods of mediocrity ; it hangs fire unaccountably until some individual twist, some incalculable turn of fortune sets it gloriously flaming. And then is it not incomparable, the greatest of the great games played by men ?

So it seems to me, but I do not write thus without a purpose. I write to give myself heart, to renew the belief which has been somewhat battered of late. Talk enough of the glory of a game, even though you talk to yourself alone, and gradually the faith is revived in you. Gradually the mediocre muddlings of the contemporary scene are forgotten, and the future is peopled by authentic heroes. Here, you say, is a budding W. J. A. Davies. There is a W. W. Wakefield in embryo. Everything, in short, is for the best in this best of all possible worlds, and doubts and difficulties drift away in a Panglossian pipe dream.

If you were to ask me to substantiate all this, I might be rather hard put to it. I should be bound to admit that our forwards are good at everything but their job. I should agree that we are plagued and befuddled by incomprehensible rules and regulations. I should assent to the proposition that theorists have most dangerously obscured the simple principles of the game. And here is a story to prove it. A true story. One of the truly eminent in the Rugby hierarchy remarked to me the other day that it was useless to have forwards who packed low and shoved because if they secured the ball by such traditional means they would surely be penalised for infringing the scrummage laws.

THERE we are, obviously guests at the Mad Hatter's tea-party. And the trouble is that the eminent person was talking sense. So complex are the scrummage laws that no two referees interpret them alike, and hardly a player has bothered to try to understand them.

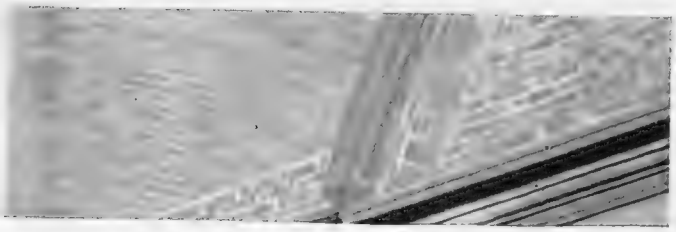
The plaint is an old one, but I wish we could simplify it. How much the game would benefit if we could strip it of all the frills and flounces which have accumulated with the years ! Last week I was down at Gloucester, watching the match in which Selectors' nominees stiffened the Leicester ranks against the Gloucester team. An interesting affair, with much depending on it, but a Gloucester man sitting next to me waved his hand towards it and said, " This is all very well, but it 's too solemn—all the football 's snuffed out of it. What I like to see is two Old Boys' teams playing—that 's the real stuff—carefree. They do give the game a chance." And that same afternoon Warwickshire and the North Midlands were scrapping drearily in a match decided by a penalty goal, and this witless wrangling, to use Mr. Eric Linklater's admirable phrase, does Rugby football no good at all.

GIVE the game a chance—there is the prescription we need—and the only way to do that is by taking it less solemnly. The authorities might start us off by worrying less about the letter of the laws at their interminable committee meetings. It would be pleasant, too, if the Selectors could be encouraged to throw off their heavy sense of responsibility. The composition of the England team is not really so desperately important. It might be announced with an informal covering letter—this sort of thing : " We 've had a job collecting this side—the backs are a very level lot, and it wasn't easy to pick them. Gadney, by the way, has hurt an ankle, so he 's out of it, and Seaton's ribs aren't mended. And we hope these forwards will shove a bit. Anyway, this is about the best we can do, so give us a break. And at least we ought to give the Irishmen a rattling good game, which is all that matters."

THAT 's about the size of it, but I 'm afraid we shall go on pontificating, and elaborating the laws, and fussing over wholly unimportant details. There is one little reform we could make immediately, though, without too much obstruction in committee. We could scrap the existent scrummage laws entirely, and leave the forwards to get on with the job.

The Headingley Football Club

Is typical of a number of lesser-known but first-rate clubs which are keeping up the best standards of English club (amateur) rugger against League invasion. These organisations deserve and often badly need the support of enthusiasts, especially clubs with such a record as Headingley, who have supplied players to all four countries and fed the Yorkshire team ever since 1899, once having nine members in the county side. The men in the picture are : Messrs. Mollett, Boyle, Yeadon, Beldon, Walsh, Armistead, Webb, Moss, Anderson, Stead, Mounsey, Miers, Woodcock, Foxcroft, Cottington, Kingswell, Booth (captain, 1935—36), Auty, Bullus, Broadbent, Stephens, Rostron, Williams (inset) and Sowerbutts. The Headingley team meets Blackheath in town next Saturday



Vive le Sport

THE LIFE of the sportsman is varied. It takes him from the Albany to Ardnamurchan, from Lothbury to Sunningdale, and with his Wolseley Sportsman's Saloon he's "down in one"—one car for all occasions. There have been "sportman's coupés" before now, but never a car with *four doors* that's as dashing as anything on the road and puts away more people (and a great deal more tackle) than its lithe lines would suggest. Sprung for speed, this car holds the road like a golf ball on a wet green, and is specially tuned for maximum performance.

Horse Power rating 25. Develops over 100. Price £425. Lavish equipment including extra low pressure Dunlops, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks. Cared for by Wolseley "Owner-Contact."

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The R.A.F. on Patrol : By Charles Ward

Squadron Cruises

FOR more than ten years now it has been a habit of squadrons to cruise from one part of the Empire to another, and, in the case of flying-boat units, for the replacement squadrons to fly from home waters to their base in Malta, the Persian Gulf, or the Far East. The custom maintains that time-honoured practice known as "showing the flag," and gives the recruiting department an opportunity to prove to the troops the truth of its poster, "Join the R.A.F. and see the world." The first cruise was undertaken in 1925—from Egypt to South Africa—and was an adventurous journey. Africa is no longer the Dark Continent, having been flown in every direction by men, women and children, literally thousands of times since that date.

By Gipsy Moth across the Alps—de Havilland's agent in Switzerland, who took the photograph for the Alpar Bern Company, says the following peaks appear — Breithorn, Gspaltenhorn, Bietschhorn, and Blümlisalp

At the present moment, two important squadron movements are in progress—Vickers "Vincents" have left Cairo for Risalpur, on the North-West Frontier, and flying-boats from Calshot have flown out to the Mediterranean to enjoy some exercises with the Home Fleet. The boats are Saunders Roe "London" type, each with a crew of five, for whom comfortable quarters are provided on board. The "London," which weighs 10 tons all-up, has a range of 1100 miles non-stop, ample for the stages of the present journey from Southampton Water to Bordeaux, Marseilles, Malta, Algiers, Gibraltar and Lisbon. Air Marshal Joubert de la Ferté, in command of our Coastal air defence, is flying in the leading boat. Under the Expansion Scheme, the number of aircraft per squadron is being increased to something near the level of twenty years ago. Flying-boats will go up from four to six, fighters from twelve to fourteen, and reconnaissance units up to eighteen, the normal complement during our last war.

Reserves for the Air

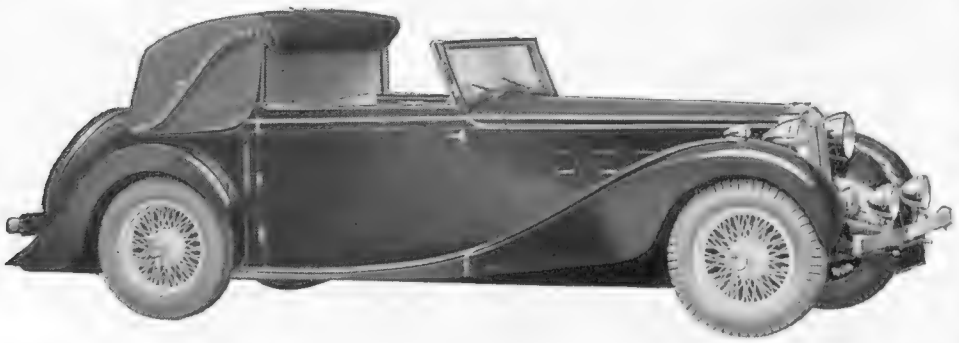
PLANS for the Volunteer Reserve are well in hand, with nine new schools to be started this year. Airwork, of Heston, which already operates a Reserve School at Perth, has two more to organise, one at Kenyon, near Manchester, and the other at Langley, near Slough. Short Brothers, with a new factory being built at Belfast, will have the Northern

(Concluded on page iv)

TWO MG LITRE

Safety Fast!

A REAR-ADMIRAL WRITES . . . *Your Two-Litre has cured me of at least one inferiority complex. I had practically decided to give up driving—too many other fellows on the road, and I was out of touch with modern traffic conditions. But my wife persuaded me to try her new Two-Litre, and with great circumspection I did so. I don't need to tell you what a fast and lively car it can be. What I found so surprising was the way in which I got the "feel" of the car at once. Within five minutes of taking the wheel I was driving with absolute confidence.*



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- *Tourer £385*
- *(Dunlop, Triplex, Jackall)*

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where WINTER SPORTS are no longer a luxury. There is a centre to suit every pocket, and sport for everyone from beginner to the most expert. INTERNATIONAL SKI FEDERATION CHAMPIONSHIPS at CHAMONIX, 11-18 February, 1937. Special 40-day Winter Sports return tickets and 50% reduction week-end tickets.

• FRENCH RIVIERA, BASQUE COUNTRY.

Seek comfort, sport, pleasure, health. Special reduced 30-day Holiday Tickets with 25% reduction in Wagons-lits and Pullman accommodation. Take advantage of the family ticket giving 75% reduction for the third and subsequent persons. If you wish to take your car with you, it will be transported free on rail in France, under certain conditions.

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• **ASK FOR** booklets: "FRANCE", "WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE", "HOTELS IN FRANCE", etc., and full particulars from the FRENCH RAILWAY & TOURIST OFFICE, 179, Piccadilly, W.1, the SOUTHERN RAILWAY, Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1, or any Travel Agent.

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MAKE A NOTE OF THE 50% REDUCTION IN FRENCH RAILWAY FARES FOR THE

PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION — 1937

The R.A.F. on Patrol

(*Continued from page* ii)

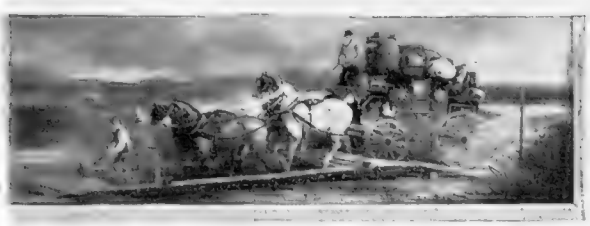
Irish School, and the Brooklands Group will establish one at Shoreham for Brighton and the South Coast generally. Schools for London include Redhill, where a first-class aerodrome exists already; Fair Oaks, Woking, where General Aircraft are in charge, and a centre near Brentwood, under Air Hire, which has its headquarters at Heston. Primary trainers of the Moth type and a Service aircraft, possibly the Hart, will be used in the early stages, to be followed by fast monoplanes, approaching the standard of speed that is being set for the Regulars. The inclusion of General Aircraft forecasts training on twins, of which the Service is buying an increasing number. Air Hire, as its name implies, allows an owner-pilot to borrow a 'plane for a week-end, a week, or even a trip round the world. Last year it sold 1750 hours of flying, made up by nearly 500 "fly-yourself" contracts, and there were no serious accidents. The best flight was that of Mr. Ralph Dundas, to Vienna, Athens, and round the Dalmatian coast, Paris and Scotland, which occupied a month's holiday—the 'plane was a "Leopard Moth."

Airport Owners Confer

FROM to-day until Friday, the Airport Owners are in conference, and an exhibition of equipment has been staged at the Central Hall, Westminster. Two hundred delegates, including mayors and their corporations, aerodrome managers, transport operators and financiers, will discuss the many new problems that have arisen during the past year. Night flying is coming into fashion, and any extension of home air routes must be preceded by careful planning of wireless and lighting at airports. The Report of the unfortunately-named Maybury Committee may see the light of day after all; some cynic remarked a year or so ago that the Air Ministry would bury the Report anyhow. The big airport project of the year is the dredging of Langstone Harbour at Portsmouth for the Empire mailplanes. The South of France is to have a modern airport, for the one at Cannes is too small for fast liners, and it cannot be easily enlarged. The new site is at Nice, near the racecourse, on the left bank of the Var, where a large area of waste land will be reclaimed. Jersey Airways, with its London terminus at Heston, can look back on a unique record of three years' continuous operation without damaging anyone. More than 25,000 passengers have been carried to and from the Channel Islands and this number excludes thousands more from Southampton and other airports. A new service marks 1937: on May 1st, a line will be opened from Shoreham for Brighton and around, to Jersey, the journey to take 80 minutes.

An R.A.F. flying-boat refuelling on the River Jumna at Allahabad, during a flight across India. Allahabad is an important civil air centre, used by the British, French and Dutch international lines

Masterpieces of Craftsmanship



The London to Dover Coach crossing a river on a ferry, by C. Cooper Henderson, 1835

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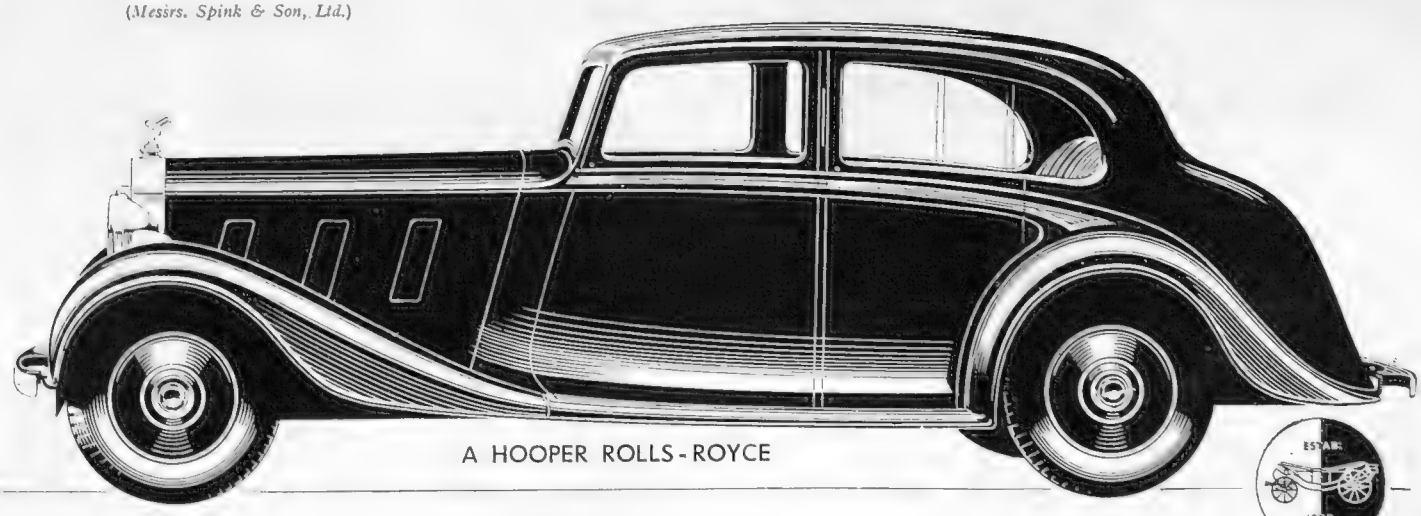

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service

Where Power Goes to Waste

By The Earl of Cardigan

It is rather curious, when one comes to think of it, how freely motorists talk about the power which a car transmits from its engine to the road wheels—that is, the useful power which is converted into actual mileage on the road. The same people would never dream of talking of the other sort of power—the power that gets used up, and is, in fact, wasted, in the process of transmission.

There is no need to go into figures and technicalities in order to understand something of this wastage. We all know that there is a very big difference between the power that goes into a piece of machinery (the explosive charge of petrol vapour, or whatever it may be), and the power that comes out, in the form of work done, at the other end. This is what an engineer means when he speaks of machinery as being—let us say—85 per cent. efficient. If you put 100 units of power into it, you can get 85 units out. The other 15 units just "get lost."

It should comfort pedal cyclists to know that, of all the machines on the road, the bicycle is certainly the most efficient in this engineering sense. Apply 100 units of muscle power to the pedals, and you get — I believe—about 98 units actually propelling you along the road. Very little gets lost in the simple chain drive. The early car designers were wise in their generation. They made use of driving chains in the days of low-powered engines, so as to cut down transmission losses to the minimum.

The modern car, being so much more complex, is vastly less efficient than the bicycle, or than any simple mechanism. The engine itself, of course, does not utilise by any means the whole of the power that is latent in the petrol. There is some considerable loss at the very source.

Then the gear-box absorbs quite a lot of power, and the rear axle a good deal more. There are innumerable minor losses; for every little bearing all the way through the chassis takes its toll to some extent. There is *some* friction even in a well-lubricated bearing. With faulty lubrication, there may be an appalling amount.

Of course, we are not conscious of all these power losses. We cannot visualise how much power ought to come out of a tank-full of petrol. We can only be grateful to see that each year the designers seem able to find a little more for us in the same quantity of fuel. We know at least that we progress in the right direction—finding more power and wasting less.

I must admit that I myself had never succeeded in clearly visualising power losses until very recently. The other day, however, a small boy showed me a really wonderful working model of a motor car which had been given to him for Christmas. It was complete in every detail, even to universal joints and so forth. It had been given to him in sectioned form, and he had assembled it from the individual parts.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

The New Ford V-8, "Centre-Poised": a Town-Country Car

Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa.

AROSA 6000 ft.

Amid the Finest ski-fields in Switzerland

Six thousand feet up, in a land where the Snow lies dry and deep between November and May, where Winter Sports reign supreme and holidays are a joyous round of healthy fun. Swiss Ski-School under the direction of J. Dahinden.

The minimum rates of the following SPORT HOTELS are :—

Schweizerhof	Frs. 10	des Alpes	Frs. 14.50
Bahnhof	„ 11	Seehof	„ 14.50
Gentiana	„ 11	Berghotel Prätschli	„ 15
Furka	„ 11.50	Altein	„ 15.50
Belvédère-Tanneck	„ 12.50	Arosa-Kulm	„ 16
Merkur	„ 12.50	Excelsior	„ 16
Suvretta	„ 12.50	Grd. Hotel Tschuggen	„ 16
Alpensonne	„ 13.50	Hof-Maran	„ 16
Bellevue	„ 13.50	Neues Waldhotel	„ 16
Post & Sport Hotel	„ 13.50		

Arosa's great advantage is its altitude, for the ski-fields surrounding it go right up to 9000 feet.

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"Veebex" Leather is not only stout and waterproof, but it is remarkably smart in appearance and unusually pliable. It is the perfect leather for the uppers of Golf and Walking Shoes and it gives complete foot comfort during years of wear.

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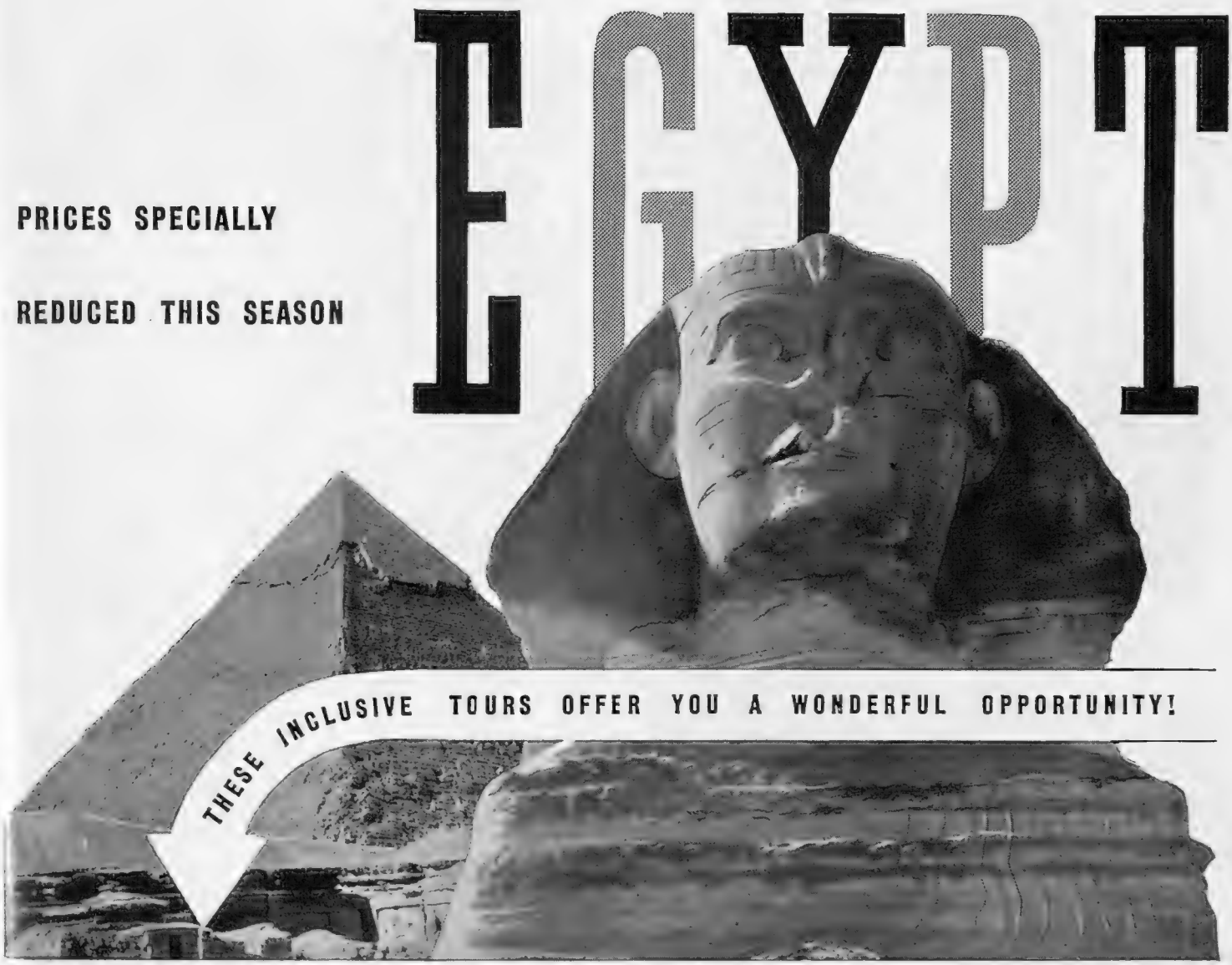

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30 DAYS FROM 56 GNS.

- 1st day London—by morning service (short sea route) and on by night train to Paris.
- 2nd day Marseilles and embark.
- 3rd to 6th day At sea.
- 7th day Alexandria—train—Cairo.
- 8th to 23rd day IN CAIRO.
- 24th day Alexandria and embark.
- 25th to 28th day At sea.
- 29th day Marseilles. On by night train.
- 30th day Paris—short sea route—London.

30 DAYS FROM 66 GNS.

- 1st to 7th day As 56 gn. tour.
- 8th to 11th day IN CAIRO. 2 whole days' sightseeing. On by night train.
- 12th to 15th day IN LUXOR. 2 whole days' sightseeing.
- 16th day Train to Aswan. Visit Dam and Philae.
- 17th to 20th day IN ASWAN. Leave by train.
- 21st to 23rd day IN CAIRO.
- 24th to 30th day As 56 gn. tour.

30 DAYS FROM 80 GNS.

- 1st to 7th day As other tours.
- 8th and 9th day IN CAIRO, with whole days' sightseeing.
- 10th to 15th day Voyage on luxurious Nile steamer to Luxor, visiting finest antiquities of Egypt en route.
- 16th and 17th day 2 days' sightseeing in and around LUXOR.
- 18th day Luxor to Aswan by steamer, with comprehensive sightseeing.
- 19th and 20th day AT ASWAN, visiting Dam. Leave by train.
- 21st to 23rd day IN CAIRO. Whole days' sightseeing.
- 24th to 30th day As other tours.

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Where Power Goes to Waste

(*Continued from page* vi)

It was a magnificent toy—but unfortunately it could not be made to run, even though he had made no obvious error in putting it together. Here was an extreme case—a machine built on the same lines as a real motor car with an efficiency of 0 per cent. The spring of the clockwork motor was developing perhaps one-hundredth part of a horse-power, and the eventual power output was precisely nil!

WHAT I want to emphasise is that there was nothing grossly wrong. After working on this car for some hours, I was able to make it go pretty well—but all I did was to locate about half-a-dozen points at which apparently trifling losses of power were occurring. It was difficult to believe that a few tiny sources of friction could have absorbed so entirely the power output even of a clockwork motor.

I was particularly struck by the power loss resulting from the front wheels being very slightly out of track. Here the error was so slight that I had to take measurements to be sure that it existed. Nevertheless, with the front wheels properly "trued up," the gain in efficiency was immediate.

TO return to the world of real motor cars—we have all seen vehicles on the road with front wheels which are plainly out of track. We have all, no doubt, recognised the foolishness of the owner in permitting such a state of affairs, on account of the excessive wear on the front tyres.

It would appear, however, that there must also be a very considerable loss of power under these conditions. I fancy that motorists as a whole are much too unimaginative in seeking for possible causes of inefficient running. If the engine is firing on all its cylinders, the popular notion is that the car has "not much wrong with it."

In actual fact, small individual power losses really do make a big difference. Any sort of friction is worth tracing, and curing if possible, if the best results are to be obtained.

Testing the Hillman Hawk

Is not a half-hearted affair, as the picture shows. Driven at considerable speed over very rough ground, the "Evenkeel" (independent front-wheel springing) suspension is tried to the full. Under such conditions the body remains remarkably steady. This 21-h.p. saloon model costs £295

A Novel Calendar

MR. D. D. McLACHLAN, Publicity Manager of the India Tyre and Rubber Company, has produced a calendar whose originality deserves recording.

Decorated with two pictures, one of cold- and the other of warm-weather scenes, the business part of the calendar—*i.e.*, the dates—is printed in three colours: red, grey and blue; red for hot, grey for average, blue for cold weather. This colouring is based on the noted "Buchan spells," made by a meteorologist of last century, and makes interesting comparison with the real weather.

The calendar has another merit. It is generous in its proportions, so that no eye-strain is necessary to find out what is the date.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
JANUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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What's On (*Continued from page E*)

HELL-FOR-LEATHER!—Stage effects of motor racing are magnificent; Bernard Nedell, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes support the autos: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic schoo play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Marie O'Neal and C. M. Hallard lead: Garrick, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Leslie Banks leads in this comedy with a social significance, supported by C. V. France and Adrianne Allen: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Seasonable Fare

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.—The Carroll fantasy with Ursula Hanray as Alice: Little, 2.30 only

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS.—Last week of the seventeenth of this mammoth annual show, with fun fair: Olympia, from 10 a.m.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Rica Bromley-Taylor's children's play with Robin Maule (aged 12) in the lead: Cambridge, 2.30 only.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

MOTHER GOOSE.—High finance on and off the gold standard is its theme, with George Lacy as the matriarch, Florence Desmond as principal boy, and ballets by Markova and Dolin: Hippodrome, 2 and 8.

PETER PAN.—Laughton is a wily, almost benign Hook, Elsa Lanchester a stylised Peter Pan, Pamela Standish a delightful Wendy, in an over-size production: Palladium, 2.15 only.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.—The inimitable Nellie Wallace, backed by Harry Tate, Patrick Waddington, Nancy Burne, Gertrude Musgrove, in red-blooded pantomime flavoured with Charlot sauce: Vaudeville, 2.30 and 8.30.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Franklyn Kelsey is a splendid Long John Silver in Stevenson's adventure tale Aldwych, 2.15 only.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Last three days of Italia Conti's annual production: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only.

CINEMAS

CAIN AND MABEL (American).—A fast-moving, wise-cracking comedy with music and Clark Gable and Marion Davies: New Gallery.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—C'e.t magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; handsom Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lead: Carlton.

COLLEGE HOLIDAY (American).—Eugenistic mating is the butt of this comedy, Marsha Hunt and Leif Erikson the stars: Plaza.

FEAR (French).—The story of foolish infatuation and blackmail and panic; Gaby Morlay is the wife, Charles Vanel the husband: Curzon.

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH (American).—Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer lead in a glamorous technicolour film of the desert, with Basil Rathbone and Joseph Schildkraut Leicester Square.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—M.-G.-M.'s stupendous biographical orgy, with William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer: Empire.

THE GREEN PASTURES (American).—Extraordinarily moving negro interpretation of Christian mythology from Marc Connelly's fable; genuine throughout: Marble Arch Pavilion.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Horbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy (from Friday).

LA KERMESSE HÉROIQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (British).—Ann Harding gives the love, Basil Rathbone is the stranger; the fine thriller from the stage play of that name: London Pavilion.

MANHATTAN MADNESS (American).—Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea in this Columbia offering: Regal.

RAMONA (American).—Based on Helen Hunt Jackson Red Indian novel, with Loretta Young and Do. Ameche in the lead; technicolour: Tivoli.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN:

GIANNI SCHICCHI AND SALOMÉ.—To-night, 20th, 8.15.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.—Thurs., 21st, 8.15.

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Fri., 22nd, 8.15.

LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN.—Sat., 23rd, 8.

SADLER'S WELLS:

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 20th, 8.

DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Thurs., 21st, 6.45.

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Sat., 23rd, 2.30.

LOHENGRIN.—Sat., 23rd, 7.45.

THE LILY MAID.—Steuart Wilson conducts Rutland Boughton's music-drama: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, BARABAU, LES RENDEZVOUS.—Fri., 22nd, 8.30.

CASSE-NOISETTE, NOCTURNE.—Tues., 26th, 8.30.

AGNES DE MILLE.—Recital by the American dancer-diseuse: Mercury, Mon., 26th.

MUSIC

B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Boult conducts, five soloists, Royal Philharmonic Choir; Handel programme: Queen's Hall, to-night, 20th, 8.15.

DIE KUNST DER FUGE.—Hans Weisbach conducts the L.S.O. in the annual request performance: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 21st, 8.15.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts, with Kilenyi as soloist, in Chopin's piano concerto in E minor, Beethoven "Eroica" and Mozart's 40th: Covent Garden, Sun., 24th, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Wood conducts, Simon Barer is the soloist; "Meistersinger" overture, Schubert's Unfinished, Rachmaninoff's piano concerto in C minor Svendsen's Carnival: Sun., 24th, 3.30.

BRITISH WOMEN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—Sargent conducts, Elsa Rykens is the soloist: Queen's Hall, Mon., 25th, 8.15.

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London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The San Marco

Liver and Bacon

Those who cherish the illusion that caviare, oysters, asparagus and hot-house peaches are the staple diet of the restaurant-haunters will have a rude awakening at the San Marco, where Humbert finds the most popular luncheon dish is calves' liver and bacon. He attributes this either to anæmia or to doctor's orders, but whether these be the reasons or not, he has found a new way of grilling the liver so that it is non-greasy and non-fattening.

East Meets West at the San Marco

An Effective Compère

Amateur night at the San Marco has been changed to Thursday, when new turns of all kinds are given a try-out, cleverly compèred by Mr. Ian Grant, whose quiet methods are most effective.

Dwight Fiske Returns

The best news of all is that the inimitable Dwight Fiske has just signed a contract to appear every night for three months, when he will "speak" those witty, wise-cracking songs that packed the restaurant even on Saturday nights when last he appeared there.

Band that Lures

Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers continue to lure people on to the dance floor with their playing, and when Oliver Messel returned from Hollywood he asked Humbert if, in American parlance, the San Marco had been "done over," as it looked as fresh as when first he designed the attractive Venetian décor.

The Ritz

Indian Ritz Trick

Foreigners blink in amazement at the daily spectacle of a galaxy of stars in the social, theatrical and artistic firmament humbly queueing-up at the

The Dorchester

A NEW REVUE

"MIDNIGHT LAUGHTER"

"Swift & Sparkling" —MORNING POST

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STEVE GERAY

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THE 3 WIERE BROTHERS

THE DORCHESTER GIRLS

JACK JACKSON AND HIS BAND

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PRODUCED BY HENRY SHEREK

PEGGY HAMILTON

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GUARANTEED.

EVERYONE

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THE GIN THAT'S BEST FOR YOU TO-DAY—& TO-MORROW

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Nightly
VIC OLIVER
London's Favourite American Comedian
THE GRIP QUARTETTE
The Amazing Parisian Dancers.
BOBBY MAY
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BILLY BISSETT
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Straight from Winter Sports to the Ritz

Ritz hoping to be given a tiny table in the passage at which to lunch. How Aletto manages to conjure tables from palm trees and chairs from marble pillars is as unfathomable as the Indian rope trick, but he repeats the miracle daily with unfailing aplomb.

Poppies Bloom Again

There is a complete transformation scene at night when the trees are popped into the centre of the tables and poppies—or whatever you care to call them—bloom again amongst the dark leaves.

Lys Gauty

From next Monday evening (January 25th) the cabaret, which is under the able direction of Mr. Henry Sherek, will include Mlle. Lys Gauty, the diseuse, who is as famous in France as the incomparable Yvette Guilbert, and whose art is something to marvel at. Also appearing in the programme is Max Hermann, whose imitations have the twin merits of being amazingly true to the originals and never too long. His Charlie Chaplin must be seen to be believed.

Waltz Time

The compère is Sutherland Felce, and Joe Kaye and his band play for dancing and specialise in some of those enticing Viennese valses which are attempted by many but achieved by few.

The Dorchester

100th Performance

Long runs are not usually associated with cabarets, and Mr. Henry Sherek is to be congratulated on the hundredth performance of his revue, *Midnight Laughter*, which was celebrated last week. People return to see it three or four times, notable amongst the "regulars" being Miss Ivy St. Helier, Miss Marlene Dietrich and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, junior.

Holland and Hart

Only one change has been made in the programme—the appearance of Jack Holland and June Hart, which has become the high spot of the whole evening; in fact, they now dance during dinner as well as in the supper show. Whenever they take the floor to float through a waltz, tango or fox-trot, one is instantly reminded of those greatest of ballroom dancers, the Vernon Castles, but Jack Holland and his partner have an attractive individuality all their own and a technique that explains their enormous success all over Europe.

Hats Off to the Dorchester: the Three Wiere Brothers

In the Grill

Under the watchful eye of Pratesi, the food and drink in the restaurant is always first-rate and he has a gift for suggesting a menu for the waverers who can never decide what they want to eat. In the Grill Room, presided over by Mostosi, there is a restful atmosphere which accounts in some measure for the number of celebrities to be found enjoying a perfectly-cooked meal of their favourite dishes in a pleasant and not over-decorated setting.

The May Fair

A Way With Him

Mr. Vic Oliver definitely has a way with him and, in addition—a gift that must be envied by many cabaret artistes—he becomes on the chattiest terms with his audience in a few minutes, and by the end of his turn they are old friends. His flow of easy banter ripples on, whether he is playing the violin, sitting down at the piano, or introducing the other performers with a casualness that is both disarming and effective.

Mrs. Vic Oliver Applauds Her Husband at the May Fair

The Grip Quartette is described as an "adagio act," and their really remarkable dances must be seen to be believed. Bobby May, the jesting juggler, appears with an amusing turn.

Billy Bissett and his Royal Canadians form what must be one of the largest dance bands in London, which is recruited entirely from the Empire. They are famous throughout America and Canada, and in the short time that they have been here they have proved so popular that special cards on which to fill in the titles of two favourite tunes as "request numbers" are now distributed at every table.

Viking Bar For a quick lunch or for a little something on the way to a theatre the Viking bar is a good choice. Perched on tall stools, one can choose from an apparently countless variety of snacks, substantial or otherwise, to which the Danish lager on draught is a good accompaniment.

London Casino

Slick Cabaret The first two shows at the London Casino, excellent though they were, pale into insignificance beside the splendours of the latest production, to which are allied some really clever and witty turns. Speed and slickness is the very essence of cabaret, and here, with the advantage of a permanent stage and lighting system, the scenes change with a rapidity that leaves one breathless.

Living Jewels The most dazzling of all is "The Old Jewel Box," of which the top is slowly raised to reflect in its mirrored lid a parure of living jewels in the guise of girls hung with pearls and diamonds who move in elaborate patterns on a revolving platform.

Gold Rush Another very effective scene called "The Rush for Gold" is played by the Ballet Bodenwieser and culminates in scores of glittering golden figures grouped on wide steps leading up to a monstrous hand clutching a huge gold coin.

Bird-like Double Bass Interspersed between the spectacular scenes are the Seven Menorcas, a troupe of acrobats; Herman Hyde and Co., who play duets on the flute and on a double-bass that suddenly assumes bird-like characteristics, even to the extent of laying eggs; and the Bryants, whose silent turn is a brilliantly conceived and executed piece of slow-motion acting. The revue is performed during dinner as well as supper, and Jack Harris provides two excellent bands for dancing, in the intervals between eating and watching the cabaret.

Encounter at the Casino

Luigi's

A Chef Surprised It is not often that the head chef is also a partner in the

Le Perroquet G. Bellometti

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LYS GAUTY

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Opening January 25th at the

RITZ

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EXTENSION NIGHT: WEDNESDAY

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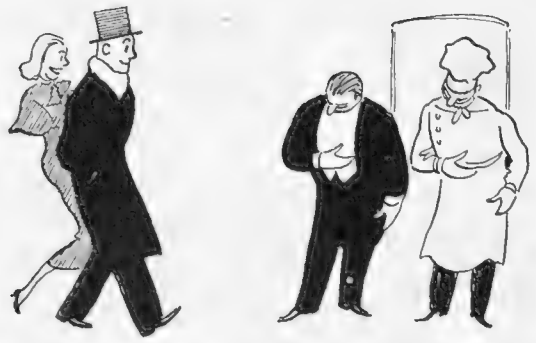
Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR OF A PRINCE

Romance clings about the history of Drambuie, first brought to Scotland almost two hundred years ago by a follower of Prince Charlie. It was then the drink of Princes and Lords, valued for its rarity and its excellence. To-day, manufactured by descendants of the family to whom the recipe was given so long ago, Drambuie retains its pre-eminence on the table of the connoisseur. Obtainable in all first-class establishments.

AN INDISPENSABLE PART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL.



The Proprietor and Chef are Partners at Luigi's

restaurant where he works, but this is the case with Luigi and Signor Maccágno. They spent many hours concocting all kinds of spécialités de la maison, and now experience has taught them that often the most unexpected dishes prove the most popular.

Diets Their spinach soufflé is a staple item of diet for many people, as is also the suprême de volaille Coronation, which has the additional merit of being cooked in front of one. For the dieters—and their name is legion—there is an excellent salade Florida consisting of shredded carrots, cabbage, pineapple, and so forth, all in their natural state.

Debutante Lunches The pleasant, unpretentious atmosphere is conducive to what aunts call "cosy chats," and many young girls meet here to discuss their dress allowances and their boy friends. The average debutante lunch consists of a tomato juice cocktail, prawns or moulles marinière, grilled lamb cutlets or crêpes de volaille, and perhaps some stewed fruit from the trolley.

A Cunning Conceit The lettuce-green tablecloths and primrose-yellow napkins strike an unsophisticated note for a London restaurant, and since everyone demands a sofa-table, considerable tact is needed to urge people into the middle of the room. The cloakrooms are panelled in mirror glass of the kind that convinces everyone they are looking their best.

The New Clarges

Distinction Without aiming at any outstandingly original touches, the New Clarges or Café Divan achieves a standard of all-round excellence that lends it a distinction all its own.

The exceptionally tall glass vases, filled at this time of year with black and dark red tulips; the special cocktail served in a large ruby-red goblet, and the dishes of cold food and fresh fruits ranged on a table inside the door round the gleaming machine used for caneton à la presse, are some of the individual touches to be found here.

A few yards from Piccadilly, yet absolutely quiet, the New Clarges is an equally good choice for a luncheon or dinner à deux as for a large party of young people bound for a film, a theatre, or a dance.

An Imperial Fonds d'artichauts à l'Italienne is a favourite dish here, and it is a very special rite indeed when Monsieur Binaco himself comes to your table to cook the thick

Rites at the San Marco

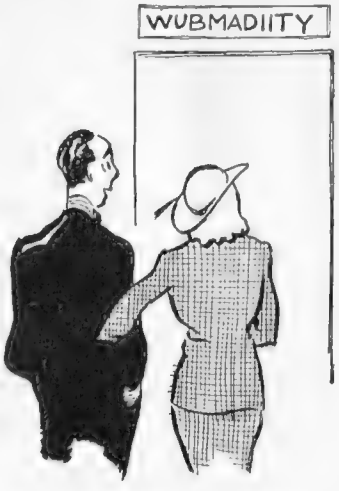
cream and caviare sauce which, when poured over a steamed sole lying upon a crouton, is suddenly transformed into sole Tzarine—a truly Imperial dish.

The wine list is remarkably well-chosen, and it is worth remembering that anything on it can be bought at a special discount for home consumption.

Le Bon Viveur

Guess or Pay "Abandon hope all ye who enter here" used once to be written across the door leading into a famous Paris night-club called "L'Enfer," but far more intriguing are the letters "WUBMADIITY," mysteriously inscribed over the door of the bar at the Bon Viveur. It is only fair to admit that the barman is usually loath to reveal the secret, as the letters form the initials of the sentence, "Will you buy me a drink if I tell you?"

Reading Backwards Nor is that all, for when read backwards from right to left the answer is, "You think I intend drinking a magnum, but you're wrong."



Mystery at the Bon Viveur

The original plein air décor of the Bon Viveur as part of a Paris street complete with newspaper kiosk, has just been perfected by the addition of a specially-woven carpet which represents crazy paving with a fidelity that can only be described as almost too good to be true. In the evening a small section is removed for dancing, and the paper kiosk merges mysteriously into the background of shuttered houses as the orchestra, under the direction of Paul Wood, strikes up on a convenient balcony.

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Perroquet

Paris In London

Theatrical and film critics have a habit of rounding off their notices with the words, "You will enjoy this show after a really good dinner," whereupon the problem instantly presents itself of where to obtain it. The answer's a parrot—or rather, Le Perroquet, a small restaurant that preserves a French atmosphere in London and is almost within spotlight distance of most of the theatres and many cinemas, thereby obviating the painful choice between coffee and being late, or arriving in time coffee-less.

The Perroquet Is Within a Squawk of Theatreland

Barrels of Sherry

There is no need to ask for a sofa-table here, since they are all ranged round the walls, and as soon as one sits down a trolley surmounted by small barrels of various kinds of sherry is wheeled up.

From the unglazed pottery soup cups to the way in which the waiter peels your peach or pear, M. Bellometti aims at providing personal, dignified service that is worthy of the cooking.

American Capture

The chicken Maryland, served with a fresh green salad on a separate plate, makes Americans dream of home, and the plain-grilled sole makes Londoners thankful it is the cook's night out, since few dishes are harder to achieve.

P. S.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 20 — January 26

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson as the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie (author) and Bergner (name-part) interpret the Bible in characteristic fashion; Godfrey Tearle as a full-blooded Saul, Martin-Harvey as Samuel: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Last three days of this fine historical; Barry Jones, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, George Merritt: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CROOKED CROSS.—A new play by a new author—Sally Carson—about the German 1933 crisis; Cecil Trouncer and Anne Cross: Westminster, 8.30.

HAMLET.—Simple, strong production by Tyrone Guthrie with Laurence Oliviers' splendid active Prince; the play in its entirety: Old Vic, 7. Sat., 1.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, assisted Louise Borell: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Last three days of powerful French play with good characterisation; Madge Titheradge, Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, Cecil Parker: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's lovely play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess. 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT SKY.—Propaganda is good but unlikely in this war-of-the-future play—London is captured, but there are no bangs on the stage; Helen Haye and Margaret Scudamore lead a strong cast: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SON OF THE GRAND EUNUCH.—Jack Allen, David Horne, Ernest Thesiger in a dramatisation of Charles Pettie's book: Arts, 8.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Plot, dealing with pre- and post-war Russians, is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: Adelphi, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Old romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER OVER LONDON.—Lou Holtz does some wonderful compèring, with George Robey heading the first-class turns: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 87.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Last days of irresponsible humour by Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and John Mills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Plenty of mystery and plenty of mirth from a situation involving a body in Lord Peter Wimsey's and Harriet's honeymoon house (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy, and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

(*Continued on page viii*)

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review o Weddings and Engagement

Maureen Stowell

Is the only daughter of Mr. T. E. A. Stowell, F.R.C.S., M.D., and Mrs. Stowell, of 20, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park; she is engaged to John Wynne-Aubrey Meredith, Indian Army, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Meredith, of Artillery Barracks, Fremantle, Western Australia

Douglas

Myrtle Peggy Garner

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Garner, of Snaresbrook, Essex, and is engaged to Leslie E. Cater, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Cater, of Bingley Lodge, Cheam, Surrey. Miss Garner announced her engagement in the papers on Dec. 28th

Basil Shackleton

Elizabeth Tudor Hamer

Is the daughter of Captain R. L. Hamer, R.N., and Mrs. Hamer, of The White House, Hayes Common, Kent; she is engaged to Lieut. W. A. M. Batten, R.N., Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, whose grandfather, J. M. Batten, was the well-known Rugby International

Catherine

Pamela Joan Kenned

Is the younger daughter Mr. Francis Kennedy and Bertram Morgan, of 54, Ha ton Terrace, N.W.8, and engaged to Dermot A. Di youngest son of the late John Dinan and Mrs. Dina Knockeven, Rushbrook, Co.

Poole, Dublin

Eva Murphy

Eva Mary Martina Murphy, daughter of the late Christopher J. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy, of Berehaven, Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin, is engaged to Dennis Eccles, son of Capt. W. E. L. Eccles, of Dunderry Park, Navan, Co. Meath

Pearl Freeman

Ronalda Murray-White

Is the eldest daughter of Col. R. S. Murray-White, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Murray-White, of 36, Baron's Court, and Johannesburg, and is engaged to Ernst G. Schmidt, of Johannesburg, South Africa. The engagement was announced on December 16th

Kay Vaughan

Catharine Hotham

Catharine Geraldine Hotham, youngest daughter of the late J. B. Hotham and Mrs. Hotham, of Milne Graden, Coldstream, Berwickshire, is engaged to Ralph Dundas, younger son of the late Robert W. Dundas and Mrs. Dundas, of 39, Hill Street, W.1

L

Sheila Grace Chuter

Is the only daughter of M A. G. Chuter, of Andove Foxgrove Avenue, Becke ham, and is engaged Robert James Williams, eld son of the late W. Williams and Mrs. Williams of Durban, South Afric

Lenare

Richenda Buxton

Richenda Dorothy Buxton, eldest daughter of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Buxton, of 19, Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1, is engaged to George Blaker, only son of the late Col. W. F. Blaker, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.A., and Mrs. Blaker, of Gaveston Place, Nuthurst, Sussex

Yevonde

Beatrice Mary Prentice

Is the youngest daughter of the late Thomas Prentice and Mrs. Prentice, of Symington House, Symington, Lanarkshire, and is engaged to Captain Nils Gustaf Liedberg, of Oja, Ystad, Sweden, only son of the late Captain P. O. Liedberg and Mrs. Liedberg, of Stockholm

Catherine Bell

Jean Macgregor

Jean Evelyn Macgregor, daughter of the late John Macgregor and Mrs. F. A. Macgregor, of 87, Holland Park, W.11, is engaged to Elemer Mauno Nordberg, elder son of the Finnish Consul-Gen. in Paris and Mrs. Nordberg

L

Sheila Young

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Alex Young, The Old Rectory, Sanderstead, Surrey; she is engaged to G. Gordon-Brown, Shanghai, only son of the late Dr. Grey Brown and Mrs. Brown, of Edinburgh

Catherine Bell

Lesser — Schapiro

Harry Algernon Lesser, eldest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Lesser, of 13, Holland Villas Road, Kensington, W.14, and Gladys Schapiro, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Schapiro, of 4, FitzJames Avenue, Kensington, W.14, were married at the West End Synagogue, St. Petersburgh Place

Withers — Williamson

Captain H. H. C. Withers, R.E., Quetta, son of Colonel Withers, R.A.M.C., of Dorchester, and Ethel Geddes Williamson, second daughter of Sir James and Lady Williamson, of Gorakhpur, India, were married at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

Picton — Bickerdyke-Cook-Stephan

Alan Holden Wilson Picton, only son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Picton, and Dulcinora Bickerdyke-Cook-Stephan, daughter of Mr. H. J. C. Stephan, of Cape Town, and Mrs. Stephan, of 20, Cadogan Court, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Ellison — Matthews

Victor Charles Ellison, son of Mr. Frank Ellison, and Mrs. Ellison, of Willington Hall, Derby, and Betty Matthews, daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews, of Aston Hall, Sheffield, were married at Sheffield Cathedral

Cooper — Clarke

Lt. Edward Patrick Cooper, R.N., son of the late Major Bryan Cooper, of Markree Castle, Co. Sligo, and Elizabeth Clarke, daughter of the Archdeacon of Chichester and Mrs. Philip Clarke, of The Chantry, Chichester, were married at Chichester Cathedral

Branson — Mearns

At Seal, Sevenoaks, Kent, A. H. C. Branson, second son of Major and Mrs. L. H. Branson, of Rise House, Sevenoaks, married Isobel Mary Mearns, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Mearns, of Kuala Lumpur, Malay States

Bark-Jones — Biddle

Raymond Bark-Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Jones, of Ingleby, Blundellsands, Lancashire, and Lois Biddle, youngest daughter of Mr. Arnold Biddle, of the Rydings, Bickley, Kent, were married at St. George's, Bickley

Hallows — Roberts

Henry Colin Hallows, eldest son of Major and Mrs. R. W. Hallows, of Berkhamsted, Herts., and Jean Lloyd Roberts, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Lloyd Roberts, of Lindo Lodge, Chesham, Buckinghamshire, were married at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens

Sleigh — Petrie

Charles Edward Wilson Sleigh, younger son of Sir William and Lady Sleigh, of Leadervale, Lauder Road, Edinburgh, and Violet Haddon Petrie, elder daughter of the late Sir Edward Petrie, Bt., and Blanche Lady Petrie, of Bracken, Pyrford, Surrey, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

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JUNE 5	Greece, Dalmatian Coast, Italy, Yugo-Slavia and Portugal. 20 days. From 35 Gns.
JUNE 26	Northern Capitals, Germany, Kiel Canal, Denmark, Danzig and Sweden. 13 days. From 22 Gns.
JULY 10	Faroe Islands, Iceland, The Land of the Midnight Sun, Spitzbergen, Ice Barrier, Norwegian Fjords and Bergen. 20 days. From 34 Gns.
JULY 31	Bergen, Norwegian Fjords and Germany. 13 days. From 22 Gns.
AUG. 14	Northern Capitals, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Estonia, Danzig, Kiel Canal and Germany. 20 days. From 34 Gns.
SEPT. 4	Greece, Dalmatian Coast, Yugo-Slavia, Italy, Venice and Portugal. 21 days. From 40 Gns.
SEPT. 29	Malta, Dalmatian Coast, Italy, Venice, Yugo-Slavia, Greece, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Algeria and Portugal. 30 days. From 58 Gns.
OCT. 30	Midsummer in Autumn Cruise, Madeira, Gambia, Sierra Leone and Canary Islands. 21 days. From 36 Gns.
DEC. 17	Christmas and New Year Holiday Cruise, Madeira, Gambia, Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Canary Islands. 24 days. From 45 Gns.

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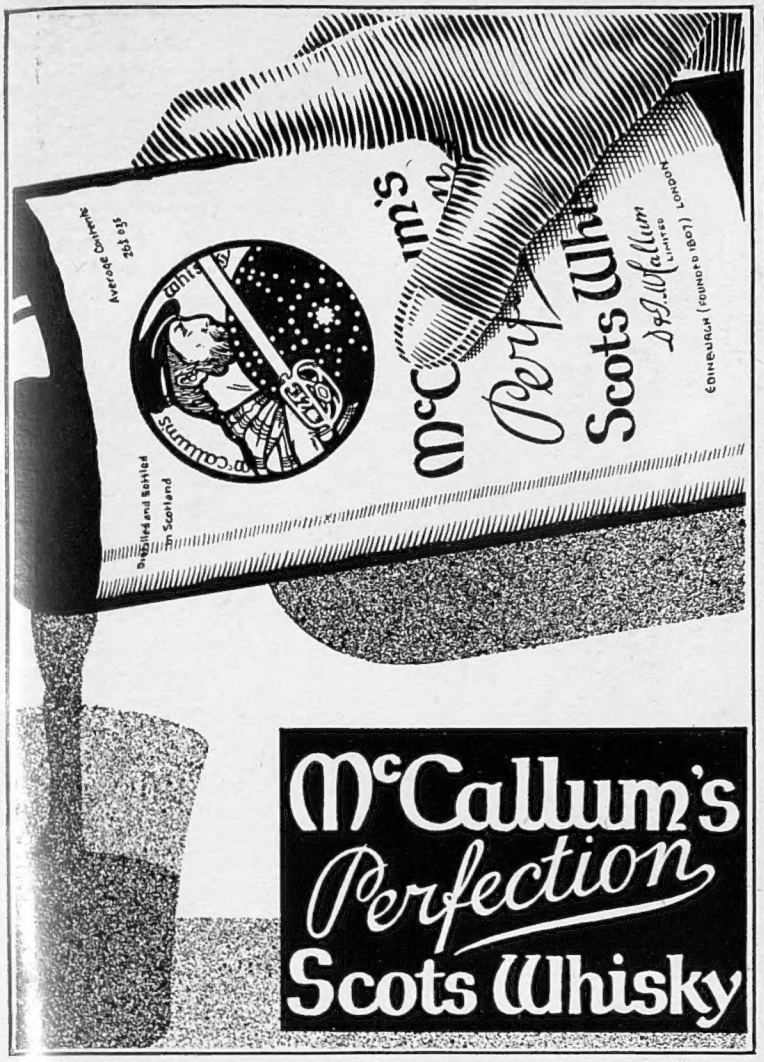

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